The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* August *will be noticed in the* September *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th September, *in the* October *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

The first edition of Professor Drummond's 'Ascent of Man' consisted of 10,000 copies. A second edition is now at press, and will be published immediately.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has completely recovered from his recent severe attack of pneumonia—an attack so severe that for some time his life was despaired of. He still finds writing irksome. He has gone to Switzerland, and may possibly remain abroad during the winter. At the time he was struck down, he was making rapid progress with his new novel, but his work will now be necessarily interrupted, not however, it is hoped, so long as to prevent the first instalment appearing in *Scribner's Magazine* for January. The statement that he is to visit Samoa is quite unfounded.

It has been arranged that Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's story, 'The Ebb Tide,' shall be published by Mr. Heinemann. The American copyright has been purchased by Messrs. Stone and Kimball for the sum of £600.

There has been a good deal of discussion in literary circles lately about Mr. Stevenson's prices. The aim of his agent seems to be to bring up his price for serial rights, including England and America, to £22 10s. per thousand words. We understand that it is likely that if a fair proportion of the sum can be obtained in America, Mr. Stevenson's, new story 'St. Ives,' a book of some length, will be purchased by Mr. Astor for the *Pall Mall Budget*.

Mr. S. R. Crockett's *Good Words* story, 'The Killing Time,' has been purchased for America by the McClure Syndicate.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling meditates returning to his Brattleboro' home about the middle of August. We hear, however, that he is likely to make England his summer quarters each year.

We understand that the Christmas number of *To-day* will contain a novel feature in the shape of a short story written by Mr. Thomas Hardy in collaboration with the Hon. Mrs. Henniker. This will be the first time, as far as we remember, Mr. Hardy has collaborated.

A volume of Scottish studies and stories entitled 'Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush,' will be published in October by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. The writer adopts the name of Ian Maclaren, and this is his first book. Most of the sketches have appeared in the *British Weekly*, where they have attracted great attention, and it is confidently anticipated by many competent judges that the book will place the author in the first rank. It will be published simultaneously in New York by Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Co.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have in preparation a short series of little books introductory to the study of living contemporary writers. They will be elegantly printed and bound, and will contain illustrations. The series is edited by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, and the first volume will appear in October.

The appearance of Dr. Doyle's story, 'The Stark-Monro Letters,' has been postponed from August to October. This is, we believe, in order to arrange for a simultaneous publication in America. Dr. Doyle's next book, 'A Historical Romance,' has been purchased from America by S. S. McClure, Ltd.

Mr. Stanley Weyman's next serial will appear in *To-day*, and is to be followed by stories from Bret Harte and Mr. Clark Russell.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is said to be writing a play.

The *Idler* is to be edited henceforth by Mr. Barr. Mr. Jerome will retain his interest in the magazine, but his increasing work on *To-day* has led him to resign the editorial direction. Both editors' names will disappear from the cover.

Mr. George Moore's next novel is to appear first in serial form in the *Idler*.

An essay of Emily Brönté, hitherto unpublished, will appear in the September number of the *Woman at Home*. It was found among the papers of the Héger family in Brussels.

The three-volume-novel difficulty has pretty well monopolised the conversation of many bookmen during the month. As we intimated not long ago, it has been clear for some time that a crisis was approaching. The libraries have been significantly diminishing their orders for three volume novels, and had indeed refused, even in the face of a great demand, to go beyond a fixed limit of purchase. Now Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons and Messrs. Mudie have taken a more decided step, and have invited publishers to reduce their charges for the three volume novel by three

shillings, and to postpone the publication of single volume editions for a year.

The subject was first made public property by the *Daily Chronicle*, whose enterprise should be cordially recognised. We believe Mr. Hall Caine interested himself greatly in the matter.

It should be understood, in the first place, that this is not a case of bloated librarians anxious to add to their gains already enormous. As a matter of fact, the profits of the proprietors of the leading libraries have been lately on a very small scale indeed. We know of one not insignificant concern of the kind where there was actually last year a considerable deficiency. The librarians trace their bad fortune to the increase of the three volume novel and the great interval between the price they paid for it and the price for which they are able to sell it. But we understand that nothing has as yet been actually fixed. The matter is still *sub judice*.

One leading firm, however, has made haste to accept the new terms, and it is difficult to see how they can ultimately be resisted by others. Assuming that they are conceded, what will follow for authors and publishers? In the first place it seems likely that novels which have been only published in three volume form will cease to exist, for the three shillings claimed by the libraries represents the average royalty such novelists would have received. This would now disappear, leaving the payment, already small, practically non-existent. This result need not greatly affect the publishers or the reading public, but it is a question whether it will not affect the libraries themselves. People have become used to reading their books in this form.

In the second place it is fairly certain that many authors will begin by publishing their books in one volume at 6s. No doubt this will secure in a certain number of cases a large circulation, but it is doubtful whether the public will buy more books. They will divide the money they spent on books in a different way, and the competition between 6s. books will be very greatly increased. Then there will be a temptation to lower them to 3s. 6d. or under—a sum which does not, save in exceptional cases, admit of a large profit to the authors. The libraries are quite alive to the importance of the question as it affects themselves. In these days of free libraries, it may be that many will spend the guinea they give to the circulating libraries on four or five new books, and content themselves with periodicals, and with the reading that costs them nothing.

It does not seem very likely that the reduction of price of new three volume novels to 15s. will greatly increase the demand for them. Doubtless a new three volume novel at that price would sometimes be a good investment, but when an author is well known the edition of his books is usually a large one. When he is unknown, and the edition is limited, it is only the discerning few as a rule who recognise their opportunity.

Mr. Anthony Hope commences a series of Society sketches in the August number of the *Idler*. He is also engaged on a series for the *Strand Magazine*.

The *New York Critic* informs us that both the English and American editions of the collection of Coleridge's Letters, to be edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, will be manufactured by the American publishers, Houghton, Miflin and Co.

Mr. W. M. Fullerton, assistant to M. Blowitz in the *Times'* office at Paris, is preparing for the press a volume of his contributions to periodical literature. Mr. Fullerton, who is well known in English literary circles, is a graduate of Harvard.

The Tennyson Memorial, for which Mr. Pearson, R.A., has made the design, will be a granite monolith in the form of an Iona cross thirty-three ft. high. It will be placed on the high down, at Freshwater, next spring. The committee having the memorial in charge acknowledge the cordial support which has been extended to the project by English and American lovers of the great poet. Among the Americans who have subscribed to the fund are the daughters of Longfellow and Lowell. Oliver Wendell Holmes sent the first subscription. Mrs. James T. Fields, Mrs. Agassiz, Mrs. Margaret Deland, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Mr. Dana Estes, and Messrs. Houghton and Mifflin are also among the contributors. It is to be hoped that English authors and publishers will be equally well represented among those who pay tribute to the laureate's memory. The treasurer of the committee is the Rev. Joseph Merriman, D.D., of Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, who will acknowledge all subscriptions which may be sent to him.

Mr. Arthur Warren, the London correspondent of the *Boston Herald*, has completed 'A History of Some Famous English Printers,' which will be published by the Grolier Club of New York. Mr. De Vinne, who will print the book, says that the volume will be one of the most beautiful on the Grolier list. It will contain an abundance of old cuts, ornaments, and reproductions of exquisite title pages. The work has been more than two years in preparation, and the edition will be limited. Mr. Warren, by the way, is one of the busiest contributors to the magazines, and he is now engaged upon a series of articles for the *Woman at Home*, the first of which will appear in the autumn.

The unveiling of the Keats' Memorial at Hampstead was fairly successful. The afternoon was wet, and the church was not nearly full, but there was a large attendance, and literary men and women were well represented. Mr. Gosse's oration was somewhat too highly pitched for English taste, but there is no other man who does that kind of thing so well as he. And there was nothing to take serious exception to in his address save the savage and gratuitous reference to Henry Kirke White. If Mr. Gosse cared to justify himself from Dr. Macnish's aphorisms he could do so no doubt, and other support would not be lacking. Against him, however, Bryon has been abundantly quoted, and a very good judge of poetry, James Smetham, in his letters, has made much of one great line of Kirke White's. In any case Mr. Gosse, who is a chivalrously generous man, will no doubt admit that the remark was, to say the least, uncalled for. Of the other speeches, not much need be said. They confirm the general impression that men

of letters do not shine as orators. Lord Houghton's little speech in point of ease, brevity, and grace far surpassed those of his associates. Notwithstanding Mr. Sidney Colvin's views, we are yet inclined to think that the house where Keats lodged in Well Walk is still standing, and that it is the one next the Tavern.

We understand that Mrs. Clifford's short story, 'Mr. Webster,' written for the *Pall Mall Magazine*, is a contribution to the everlasting marriage question, but from a fresh though obvious point of view.

'Pomona's Travels' will be issued in book form on the conclusion of its serial run in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, here by Messrs. Cassell and Co., and in America by Messrs. Chas. Scribners' Sons.

An edition of George Eliot's 'Mill on the Floss,' in two volumes, is about to be brought out in New York. It will be illustrated by photogravures.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish Mark Twain's new book, 'Pudd'n-head Wilson,' during the forthcoming season.

'A Victim of Good Luck,' by W. E. Norris, will be published shortly by Mr. Heinemann.

Mr. Heinemann is about to issue Emile Michel's magnificent work on Rembrandt in sixteen monthly parts at half-a-crown each.

'The Green Carnation,' which will appear in the Pioneer Library in September, will, like the second volume, 'George Mandeville's Husband,' deal with the lady novelist of the present day.

Messrs. A. D. Innes and Co. will publish in the autumn Mr. Stanley Weyman's new novel, 'My Lady Rotha.' It will be in one volume.

Miss Ella D'Esterre Keeling's 'Appassionata,' which was published some months ago by Mr. Heinemann, and which attracted very favourable notice, is to be included by Baron Tauchnitz in his English Library. Miss Keeling's stories have won wide popularity abroad.

Miss Blanche Willis Howard, the American novelist who collaborated with Mr. William Sharp in writing 'A Fellowe and his Wife,' is in London on a visit.

The Vagabond Club, founded by the late Philip Bourke Marston, is to be reconstituted under the name of "The New Vagabond Club." There will be two secretaries instead of one—Mr. Douglas Sladen and Mr. G. B. Burgin, of the *Idler*—and the election will be entirely in the hands of the committee. It is intended to make the club smaller and much more exclusive, but the meetings will be, as heretofore, once a month. The Vagabonds claim that, small as their club is, it has numbered among its members no inconsiderable portion of the men who have since attained distinction. The *doyen* of the club is Mr. F. W. Robinson, the novelist; and Messrs. Bret Harte, Walter Besant, and Mark Twain are honorary members.

We hear that Mr. Henry Herman has finished another novel—this time the narrative of the adventures of a lady burglar. It is appropriately called 'Lady Turpin.'

Mr. Fergus Hume's new novel, 'The Dwarf's Chamber,' is to be published by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., who will also issue in volume form the short stories which Mr. Hume has contributed to the *English Illustrated Magazine*, the *Idler*, and *Ludgate Monthly*.

Mrs. George Linnaeus Banks, the veteran novelist, has ready for publication a volume of connected short stories which she proposes calling 'Mary Marbury's Memoranda.'

We hear that some of the cleverest of the "Queer Stories" which have been appearing in *Truth* lately are the work of Mr. G. Layard.

From America, amongst other things, we are promised new illustrated holiday editions of Mr. Howells' 'Their Wedding Journey,' Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's 'The Story of a Bad Boy,' Mrs. Wiggin's 'Timothy's Quest,' 'The Rubayhat of Omar Khayyam,' and W. Holmes' 'The Last Leaf.' 'The Story of a Bad Boy' is, we are told, to be illustrated by Mr. A. B. Frost, whose pictures lend additional charm to Mr. Stockton's 'Pomona's Travels,' now running its serial course in the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

Mr. George Augustus Sala is, we hear, making good progress with his long-expected autobiography. It should, as at present arranged, form one of the features of the forthcoming autumn publishing season.

Up to the present time France has been singularly behind hand in the matter of illustrated magazines of the *Harper*, *Scribner*, and *Pall Mall* type. M. Quantin is, however, about to try the experiment of testing if there is a market in France for such a periodical, and *Le Monde Moderne* will consequently appear in Paris on November 1st of this year. It will contain 160 pages of letterpress, which will be embellished with something like 100 illustrations. The price will be one franc and a half.

Leconte de Lisle, who has just died at the age of seventy-four, is one of the stateliest literary figures of the century. He has left behind him a considerable number of volumes, the chief of which are the 'Poëmes Antiques'(1852),'Poëmes et Poésies' (1855), 'Poésies Barbares' (1862), and his fine translations of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Homer, Theocritus, Hesiod, Bion, and Moschus. In his time his influence has been very powerful over a large number of his contemporaries. But perhaps no one ever held so aloof from popular methods, or was so indifferent to popular applause.

Théophile Gautier, in his essay on the 'Progrès de la Poésie Française depuis 1830,' spoke of his entrance into the world of letters in these words:—

"Il serait impossible d'assigner aucune date aux 'Poëmes Antiques' de Leconte de Lisle, dont s'enivrent tout de suite ceux qui, en France, sont sensibles encore à l'art sérieux. Rien de plus hautainement impersonnel, de plus en dehors du temps, de plus dédaigneux de l'intérêt vulgaire et de la circonstance. Tout ce qui peut attirer et charmer le public, l'auteur semble l'avoir évité avec une pudeur austère et une fierté résolue. Aucune coquetterie, aucune concession au goût du jour."

And this was true of him in the main throughout.

But Leconte de Lisle, for all his austerity, had a warmth of imagination which no impersonal and haughty style could hide. He was a creole, and there is in his words the colour of the South; and all literature of a high and noble kind appealed to him, Greek first of all, but afterwards the epics and legends of the East, and the sagas of the northern nations. And he did not live altogether apart from the world into which he was born. He may, as Gautier says, have looked on "les civilisations actuelles comme des variétés de décadence," but, at least, he wrote, in 1871, a 'Catéchisme Populaire Républicain." Republican it is, after an ideal pattern, but popular hardly. Here is the last question and answer.

"QU'EST-CE QUE LA REPUBLIQUE?

La République est l'ensemble de tout ce qui précède, théorie et pratique; c'est la liberté individuelle et la liberté collective proclamées et garanties, c'est la nation elle-même, vivante et active, morale, intelligente, et perfectible, se connaissant et se possédant, affirmant sa destinée, et la réalisant par l'entier développement de ses forces, par le complet exercice de ses facultés et de ses droits, par l'accomplissement total de ses devoirs envers sa propre dignité, qui consiste a ne jamais cesser de s'appartenir; c'est enfin la vérité et la justice dans l'individu et dans l'humanité."

Perhaps it was with a cynical foreknowledge of the unrealisability of his republicanism that the Empire gave him a pension in 1867. He has been librarian of the Luxembourg library since 1873. His literary activity has not been great for years past, but he has left work that gives him a great place among poets and literary artists.

With great sorrow scholars in this country have received the news of the death of Professor Dillmann. After a short but severe illness he passed to his rest on the 4th July, and his body was buried on the 7th in Berlin. He was in his seventy-second year—a long life, and one of the most laborious and fruitful of our century.

But it is not only this which has been closed by his death. Dillmann is the last of the older generation of Old Testament scholars—the last of those two brilliant generations that can hardly be separated, so closely associated were they both in labour and in fame. They had great forerunners in De Wette and Gesenius. But with Hupfeld and Bleek, who were older than the oldest among themselves, they may be said to have made the science of criticism, and among them laid down all the lines of its future progress. They were: Ewald, born in 1803, Reuss (1804), Vatke (1806), Hitzig (1807), Delitzsch (1813), Dillmann (1822), Lagarde (1827), Kuenen (1828), and Riehm (1830). Ewald, the oldest, was the first to go, in 1875, Hitzig followed the same year, Vatke in 1882, Riehm, the youngest, in 1888, Delitzsch in 1890, Reuss, Lagarde, and Kuenen in 1891, and now Dillmann in 1894. It has been a brilliant band, every man of them with his own distinctive service and fame. Dillmann also had his. He was the chief Aethiopic scholar of his day, and the finest commentator on the Pentateuch either in his own or any other day, while he also published commentaries of the first rank on Job and Isaiah.

His earliest works were in Aethiopic. In 1851 he printed the Aethiopic text of the Book of Enoch. In 1853, at the age of thirty, he published 'Das Buch Henoch, übersetzt und erklärt,' which till the publication of Mr. Charles' volume last year, remained the standard book on Enoch. Mr. Charles calls it "this splendid edition," and says that it "will always maintain a unique position in the Enoch literature." So also the standard grammar of Aethiopic is still that which Dillmann published in 1857. About the same time he catalogued the Aethiopic MSS. in the British Museum and the Bodleian Library.

His commentaries have appeared in the 'Kurzgefasstes Exegetisches Handbuch' series. His 'Job' dates from 1869, the last edition is 1891. His 'Isaiah,' which replaced Diestel's edition of Knobel's work in the same series, was published in 1890; the last edition of his 'Genesis' in 1892; the last editions of his volumes on 'Exodus to Joshua' are a year or two older. These are inimitable works for labour and insight, for the mass of their contents as for the thoroughness and fineness of their scholarship. They form the indispensable basis of all further work on the same subjects.

As a critic Dillmann was scarcely less distinguished than as a commentator. The critical problems of his generation have been the distinction of the various documents of the Pentateuch, and the fixing of their dates. As far as the former point is concerned, the problem is solved; in the main, critics are agreed as to the number and kind of documents which have gone to compose the Pentateuch and Joshua. Their relative dates are also agreed upon, with one exception, the date of the Priestly Legislation. On this the modern critical school is divided. Graf, Wellhausen, Kuenen, and Robertson Smith take it as later than Deuteronomy, and even than Ezekiel. To the end Dillmann opposed this view, and placed at least a very large part of the Priestly Levitical Code as early as 800. His argument is beset with difficulties, and it produced very strong replies from Kuenen and Robertson Smith. But Dillmann has other strong scholars on his side, including Nöldeke and Baudissin. More important was the change of Vatke's views in the same direction. Vatke, who in 1835 started the theory that the Levitical Legislation is the latest of all, and must be brought down to the Exile, afterwards turned, and, according to the posthumous edition of his lectures, placed it all not only before the Exile, but before Deuteronomy. Dillmann's critical views, though not proved by the evidence, will always have to be examined, and contain not a little that will find its place in the ultimate decisions of criticism concerning the Pentateuch.

Dillmann was a very quiet lecturer, but the present writer, who heard him sixteen summers ago, still remembers the gentle, dignified presence, the pure and scholarly face, the lecture so full of matter, and yet so lucid and easily followed. He has fulfilled his time, both by length of years and number of works. There is not a living scholar of the Old Testament but follows him to his rest with the deepest reverence and gratitude.

One of the rarest pieces in modern poetical literature is Coleridge's 'Ode on the Departing Year,' published at Bristol in 1796. No copy has appeared for sale during the past sixteen years, and only some three—or at most four—examples in all have, until quite recently, been known to exist. One is in the Rowfant Library, the property of Mr. F. Locker Lampson, and another is in the British Museum, both having trimmed edges.

And now, curiously enough, within two months, *three* other specimens have come to light. The first (uncut, and

in the finest possible condition) occurred in the recent Buckley sale. It was bound up in a volume of quarto tracts, among which were Coleridge's 'Fears in Solitude,' 1798, and Wordsworth's 'Evening Walk,' 1793, the latter being very dirty and badly torn. The volume was bought, upon commission for Mr. Thomas J. Wise, for the by no means extravagant sum of £21 10s.

The second copy (also clean and uncut) was sold with a number of books and pamphlets included in a picture sale at Christie's. It was not specially mentioned in the catalogue, and was knocked down at £4 6s.—a splendid bargain for its fortunate finder, who generously handed over his treasure to Mr. Wise. Mr. Wise in turn parted with it, in exchange for another volume, to his friend Mr. Buxton Forman. The third example turned up in the sale-rooms of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson. It was unbound, and terribly cut down, but nevertheless it realised £7 5s. It was bought by Messrs. Pickering and Chatto, booksellers, of the Haymarket, who have fixed its price at £18! As likely as not we shall pass another sixteen years before an additional copy rises to the surface.

Mr. Wise's forthcoming 'Bibliography of the Works of Robert Browning,' to which we made reference last month, will appear in the first instance in the columns of the *Athenæum*, and will subsequently be issued to private subscribers in half-crown parts. Only the barest outline will be printed in the *Athenæum*; collations of the *Editiones Principes*, and a list of such poems and letters as have appeared separately in periodical publications, being followed by an account of the numerous books and pamphlets concerning Browning and his writings which almost form a library of themselves.

In its serial form the Bibliography will be much elaborated, and will be completed by the addition of notes and comments of considerable interest. It will contain many extracts from unpublished letters written by Browning in explanation of sundry of his poems, and will be illustrated by a series of *facsimiles* of manuscripts, title-pages, etc. One hundred copies only will be printed.

RECENT BOOK SALES.

By far the most valuable and interesting collection of ancient manuscripts brought to the hammer in recent years was included in the library of Howell Wills, Esq., of Florence, which was sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge, on July 11th, and five succeeding days. The following list includes a portion only of the more important items. These beautiful MSS. are becoming more improcurable year by year, and it is not surprising that when they do occur for sale they command substantial prices.

Biblia Sacra, Latine. MS. on vellum, well preserved, old morocco, with clasps. Sæc. xiii. £131.
[A beautiful book, with some variations from the ordinary readings: ornamented with a few miniatures and initials, letters illuminated in gold and colours; written on fine vellum, with date at the end: "Actum Anno Domini Millesimo Ducentesimo Vicesimo nono (1229). In vigilio omnium Sanctorum. Premia pro merito debet habere Brito."]

Biblia Sacra, MS. on vellum (557 leaves), written in two columns, with Epistle of S. Jerome to Paulinus, and the Prologus to the Gospels by S. John, the Presbyter to Pope Damasus, fine MS. with illuminated borders and initials at the beginning of each book, the one before the Epistle to Paulinus containing representations of S. Francis receiving the Stigmata, and of S. Francis preaching to the birds, decorated with the arms of Bentivoglio of Bologna, per bend indented or and gules, well preserved, in modern binding of black morocco, with case. Sæc. xiv. £314.

Biblia Sacra. MS. on vellum, old calf, with bookplate of the Earl of Hopetoun. Sæc. xiv. £37.
[A fine MS. written in a delicate hand on pure vellum in the early part of the 14th century, in two columns, with initial letters historiated and illuminated, some being prolonged so as to form a border.]

Book of Prayers, Psalms, Lives of Saints, etc. (Cum Calendario.) Illuminated Book of Prayers, etc. Fifteenth Century, written throughout in Niederdeutsch, on 317 leaves of vellum, 13 lines to a page, with 27 charming small miniature paintings of the Virgin Mary, Jesus Christ, the Apostles, Saints, etc., illuminated borders and initials, velvet binding, with plated clasps. 12mo. £43.

Geuden (Die) Van onser liever Vrouwen. A Book of Devotions in Flemish, MS. on vellum, with six miniatures, several initial letters historicated and illuminated in gold and colours (12 leaves of Calendar), the whole in a case of old morocco with fine tooling. Sæc. xv. £105.

Capitula Scholæ S. Johannis Evangelistæ, MS. on vellum (22 leaves), in original binding, with boss, corner-pieces and clasps, and with wrapper embroidered in gold and silk threads, on the back cover is a miniature of S. John handing a book to a kneeling boy, this may possibly be from the hand of Fra Angelico da Fiesole, a friend of S. Antoninus. Sæc. xv. £96.

Courtenay Prayer-Book (The). Preces ad Matutinam et Laudes, ad primam, tertiam, sextam, et nonam, et ad Vesperas et Completorium. Item Psalmi Poenitentiales et Graduales, Litaniæ et Officium Defunctorum, cum Calendario, MS. on vellum of English execution, five historiated initials, numerous capitals and borders, and about 500 coats of arms, including that of the Abbey of Bruton, Somerset, where the MS. was perhaps executed, circa 1350 (first leaf of text missing), in original oak boards and case, in good preservation. Sæc. xiv. £69.

Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis Secundum Usum Romanum, Cum Calendario, Manuscript on Vellum, 213 leaves, with 14 beautifully painted and illuminated miniatures, within floreate scrolls, each bearing the combined arms of Scotland and Burgundy; and many hundred illuminated initials and decorations, by a French artist, old brown calf, with two cherubs within a wreath, and the word "René" on one side and "Millon" on the other; enclosed in new black morocco case. Sm. 8vo. Sæc. xv. (after 1422). £70.

Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis, Cum Calendario, Latine, a richly and beautifully illuminated manuscript of the fifteenth century, on 138 leaves of vellum, with 10 charmingly painted miniatures, and elaborate ornamental borders of fruit and flower scroll work, in red, blue, and green, and thickly heightened with gold, all initials, and the calendar splendidly painted and rich in gold, the work of a superior French artist, old monastic morocco with silver clasps. Square 8vo. £47.

Horæ. Heures a l'Usaige de Paris, avec aucunes des Miracles de Nostre Dame, et de la Creation du Monde et aultres belles hystoires, nouvellement imprime a Paris par Nicholas Hygman pour Jehan de Brie, lit. goth, printed upon vellum, within woodcut borders of grotesque scrolls, monsters, armed champions, curious heads, etc., the initial woodcuts, and capitals, title, and full-page woodcuts painted and illuminated, contemporary Lyonese binding, in calf, the sides covered with elaborate gilt tooling with name in centre, N. Vicar a Quane (broken). Paris s. a. (Calendar, 1515-30). £20.

Horæ. Heures nouvellement imprimées a l'usaige de Rome, aulong avec aucunes histoires de l'apocalypse et aucunes des Miracles de Nostre Dame, etc., printed upon vellum within woodcut borders, representing scenes from Bible and Church history, scrolls, grotesques, etc., with illuminated title, 12 small miniature paintings in the Calendar, the 13 full-page woodcuts painted and illuminated, 17 small miniatures of saints, and numerous illuminated initials, old stamped calf. Imprimées a Paris per Symphorian Barbier, s. a. (Calendar dated 1516-27). £13 10s.

Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis, MS. on vellum, 135 leaves, French work, written in a bold Gothic hand with the capitals and line spaces illuminated with gold, enriched with 15 large and 23 small miniatures of striking execution, also 37 tasteful borders; it opens with a full-page illustration of a golden vessel containing the Host, supported by two angels, who remotely suggest the manner of Jean de Paris; in excellent preservation, in old French blue morocco. Sæc. xv. £220.

T. J. WISE.

(To be continued.)

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

JUNE 18 TO JULY 21, 1894.

The home trade continues to be very quiet indeed, and it is hoped that an improvement is not far distant. Foreign and colonial business is in much the same case, and has been almost featureless.

Just now the demand for "seaside and summer" literature is the redeeming feature, although consisting in a large measure of "penny stories." Horner's Penny Stories

are *facile princeps*, and it is stated that the total sales amount to nearly forty millions. Miss Braddon, "the queen of the circulating libraries," is as great a favourite as ever, and the popularity of the Family Story Teller is well sustained.

Every bookseller should watch closely his stock of works dealing with outdoor pastimes and pursuits. Ornithology and botany are keenly studied, judging from the demand for those two delightful books by W. J. Gordon, viz., 'Our Country's Birds' and 'Our Country's Flowers.' Both are well illustrated with coloured plates, and are about the best value possible. No stock is complete unless it comprises them.

British interests in Central Africa still secure much attention, which is evident from the enquiry for Sir G. Portal's work on the British Mission to Uganda in 1893.

That wonder of publishing enterprise, 'The Dictionary of National Biography,' appears with praiseworthy punctuality, vol. 39, Morehead—Myles, being now ready.

Very noticeable among works on outdoor pastimes are those upon Golf, the sale of histories, handbooks, and manuals of the game being very good.

The second volume of the *Yellow Book* is now upon the market, but the public curiosity in this direction seems somewhat to have abated.

The desire for London University degrees must be on the increase if the sale of the various manuals of 'The University Tutorial Series' is any guide, as one would think it must be.

Buyers of fashion books are getting more impatient than ever, and to satisfy them in some degree the publication of this class of periodical commences about the middle of the month for the issue bearing the date of the succeeding month.

The *Pall Mall Magazine* at a shilling is a marvel, and naturally is much sought after by an appreciative public. The *Strand Magazine* is still in good request.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's 'Marcella' at 6s. is a favourite, and considerable enquiry is experienced for Mr. Hall Caine's 'Manxman,' which will be ready immediately in a similar form. 'Ships that pass in the Night,' judging from the continued demand for it, seems to possess perpetual youth.

A fifth edition with an appendix of Dr. Driver's important work on the literature of the Old Testament is enjoying a reception as favourable as that given to the earlier issues.

The publication of the thirteenth edition of Cowan's Beekeepers' Guide and the demand for similar works speak for the interest taken in this industry.

Superfluous Woman (A). 6s.
Marcella. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s
Yellow Aster (A). By Iota. 6s.
Barabbas. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
Heavenly Twins (The). By Sarah Grand. 6s.
Diana Tempest. By Mary Cholmondeley. 6s.
Pembroke. By M. E. Wilkins. 6s.
Prisoner of Zenda (The). By A Hope. 3s. 6d.
Ships that Pass in the Night. By B. Harraden. 3s. 6d.
Only a Drummer Boy. By A. Amyand. 3s. 6d.
Songs, Poems, and Verses. By Lady Dufferin. 12s.
Jungle Book (The). By R. Kipling. 6s.
Frose Fancies. By R. Le Gallienne. 5s. net.
Garden that I Love (The). By A. Austin. 9s.
Tennyson. By S. A. Brooke. 7s. 6d.
Social Evolution. By B. Kidd. 10s. net.
The Cartoons of St. Mark. By R. F. Horton. 5s.
Recollections of a Long Life. By J. Stoughton. 6s.
Catherine II.: Romance of an Empress. 7s. 6d.
The Great Alternative. By S. Wilkinson. 7s. 6d.
British Mission to Uganda (The). By Sir G. Portal. £1 1s.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

Week ending
June 23.—Home trade quiet. Foreign featureless, but for slight activity in orders from India.
June 30.—Home business unchanged. India about as last. Australia a little improved, but foreign and general colonial quiet.
July 7.—Slight rally in home business. Foreign and colonial very quiet.
July 14.—Home trade quiet. Foreign and colonial unchanged.
July 20.—Trade remains very quiet all round, except for an improvement in the Australian market.

POETRY.

SLEEP AND DREAMS.

Where this sleep so fleeting and frail
Must alway its spell unknit,
As a frost-film dwindles at morn,
When the rosed long ray creeps by,
Be they fraught with bliss or bale,
With glamour of gladness lit,
Or in grief mist lapt forlorn,
May never a dream come nigh.

Lest so shall there follow and brood,
For scathe on the morrow's scathe,
The secret dark Fate would keep,
Loomed dim thro' a boding vain;
Or so in feller mood
Past joy's evanished wraith,
The ambushed sorrow leap
On our wakening's wildered pain.

Yet if ever beyond all change
Of our eddying nights and days,
We drank of a rest grown deep,
Lost rill in the ocean stream,
Delight it were wildly strange
To fare threading the wondered maze
'Neath a shadow of sleep on sleep,
Thro' a shining of dream in dream.

JANE BARLOW.

NEW WRITERS.

M. E. FRANCIS.

FOR the authoress of 'A North Country Village' there must be a very honourable literary future. That book and the more recently-published 'Story of Dan' are marked by unusual observation, sympathy, and skill. "M. E. Francis," otherwise Mrs. Francis Blundell, is like so many of the younger writers of to-day, Irish. Her maiden name was M. E. Sweetman, and she was born and brought up at Lamberton Park, Queen's Co. One of her sisters is Mrs. Egerton Castle, wife of the distinguished fencing enthusiast

and book-plate collector, whose books on these subjects and whose admirable short stories are well known. Another is Miss Elinor Sweetman, whose first book of verse, 'Footsteps of the Gods,' has attracted much favourable notice.

She and her sisters used to write stories on disused copy-books almost from the time they could write at all, and so the literary taste is of old standing in "M. E. Francis"; she was at an early age the "editor" of a "family" magazine, which, however, came to an untimely end owing to a tendency among the contributors to begin a new "serial" every number.

It was in her Irish home that "M. E. Francis" began first to take note of the humour and pathos of that Irish peasant-life which she has since delineated so sympathetically in 'The Story of Dan' and other books. Although she had published one or two short stories in magazines before her marriage, it was only after the death (in 1887) of her husband, Francis, second son of Colonel Blundell of Crosby, that she began to devote herself seriously to literature. Her first story of any length, 'Molly's Fortunes,' was published in the *Irish Monthly*, the editor of which, the Rev. Matthew Russell (brother of Lord Russell of Killowen), was one of the first to discover the young writer's talent and augur success.

Photographed by Hartley Bros. [*Waterloo, Liverpool.*

It is about eight years since she went to reside with her father-in-law, Colonel Blundell, who has just passed away. Since then she has published her first three-volume novel, 'Whither' (which soon went into a popular edition), the scene of which, like that of her 'North Country Village,' is set amid the picturesque surroundings of the Crosby estate. It is there also that she has mixed intimately in that village life of which she is beginning to be recognised as so graphic a painter, and the faithful picture of which, as well as of that fine old figure 'The Squire,' she has reproduced in her north-country sketches.

"M. E. Francis'" last book, 'Dan' (published, like the 'North Country Village,' by Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.), deals with the Irish poor, as do many of her shorter tales; all she describes she has faithfully studied from the life. She is now engaged on another three-volume novel, which is also to deal partly with peasant life in Lancashire.

THE READER.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

IV.—From her Marriage with the Dauphin until her Return to Scotland.

MARY'S marriage was marked by a transaction of deep duplicity. The Commissioners, sent by the Scottish Parliament to France, "for completing of the mariage of our Soverane Lady with my Lord Dolphin," were charged with Instructions, intended to protect Mary's interests on the one hand, and to safeguard the liberties of her country on the other. Accordingly, for the latter purpose, on the 15th of April, 1558, over her own seal and signature, and over those of her curator, the Duke of Guise, she acknowledged that the Scottish Acts, Articles, and Instructions were for the evident advantage of herself and her kingdom; and she bound herself and her successors, by her "royal word," faithfully to observe and keep the laws, liberties, and privileges of Scotland, to all the subjects of that kingdom, as they had been kept by their most illustrious kings. On the 30th of April—six days after the marriage — a similar document was signed by Francis and Mary, as "King and Queen of the Scots, Dauphin and Dauphiness of France." On the 26th of June, Francis, as King of Scots, declared that he not only wished to preserve their prerogatives, immunities and ancient liberties intact and inviolate; but also to increase, amplify, and strengthen them. Over and above these documents, Henry and Francis promised, in their letters-patent, that they would maintain the liberties of Scotland; and that, should Mary die without issue, the nearest heir should succeed to the Scots crown without hindrance.

Yet, on the 4th of April, Mary had been induced to sign secretly three documents of a very different kind. In the first of these, in the event of her leaving no issue, she made over to the King of France, by free gift, the kingdom of Scotland, and all right which she had or might have to the kingdom of England. In the second, with the advice of her uncles—the Cardinal of Lorraine and the Duke of

Guise—she made over to the French King, in the like event, the kingdom of Scotland, until he was repaid a million of money, or such other sum as should be found due for the defence of that country. In the third, she referred to the Scottish intention of assigning her kingdom, in default of heirs of her body, to certain lords of the country, as a depriving her of her liberty of disposing of it; and protested that, whatever assent or consent she had given or might give to the Articles and Instructions sent by the Estates of her kingdom, she willed that the dispositions made by her in favour of the Kings of France should be valid, and have full effect. This last is signed by Francis as well as by Mary. Goodall, while describing these as "private deeds of a very extraordinary nature," and as "illegal, null, and infamous papers," that could only serve "to reflect dishonour on all parties concerned in them," tries to discredit them; but now they are assumed to be genuine by those who would dispute them if they dared.

Mary, only in her sixteenth year, probably signed these deeds without fully realising their import. If so, her conduct gives a rude shock to the panegyrics of those apologists who speak of her precocity as phenomenal Even five years before she signed these documents, "her mother," says Father Stevenson, "could so far trust her discretion, as to consult her upon certain private matters, respecting which the young diplomat ventured to express her opinion with mingled candour, good sense, and modesty." Perhaps the true explanation of her documentary duplicity is to be found in another passage by the same ingenious writer: "Mary's long absence from her mother made her turn to her maternal uncles with increased affection, and they found it no difficult task to mould her character according to their own principles. She was an apt pupil; and the lessons which they taught the child were never forgotten by the woman and the Queen." It is impossible to believe that, in advising Mary on this occasion, the Guises acted either in ignorance or simplicity.

M. Teulet points out that "all the efforts of Henry II. tended to incorporate Scotland in a manner with France"; that, in "1552, he obtained a decision of his Parliament, that, Mary Stuart having entered her twelfth year, Scotland should thenceforth be governed under her name"; and that this strange deliberation "made the Parliament of Paris decide a question which could only be entertained by the Parliament of Scotland."

The marriage-contract provided that the Dauphin should have the title of King of Scotland; and, in accordance with another of its provisions, the Commissioners, in name of the Scots Estates, swore allegiance to him during the subsistence of the marriage. But this was not enough. The Commissioners were asked to endeavour to have the Scotch crown immediately sent to France, that the Dauphin might be crowned with it. Their spirited objection led to a softening of the demand into a request for the matrimonial crown—a request which was persistently pressed, and which was granted by the Scottish Parliament, but never given effect to. The patriotism of the Commissioners was, rightly or wrongly, supposed to have some connection with the mysterious malady which effectually prevented four of them from returning to Scotland. Miss Strickland says that Knox attributes the illness to poison. Knox indeed expresses dubiety as to whether their deaths were due to "ane Italiane posset," to "French fegges," or to "the potage of thare potingar"—their druggist being a Frenchman; but, in his apprehension of foul play, Knox by no means stands alone. Buchanan, Herries, Spotswood, Balfour—all refer to the common suspicion. Even Lesley says that they suffered "be evill drogges or onlerned mixtour thairof." In Hill Burton's opinion—"Instead of rejecting the suspicion as ungenerous, one is inclined to be surprised that it was not pressed more strongly, and that no investigations or explanations were demanded regarding the cause of so remarkable a fatality."

On the 17th of November, 1558—barely seven months after Mary married the Dauphin—Mary Tudor died; "and in hir place," says Lesley, "ane beutifull and verteous princess, Lady Elizabethe, was proclamed Quene of Inglande." Bishop Lesley goes on to tell how the French King, considering the claims of his daughter-in-law as "just heritour of the realme of Inglande," had her publicly proclaimed in Paris as "Quene of Inglande, Scotlande, and Ireland," and caused her and the Dauphin to assume the English arms. On the 28th of June, 1559—two days only before Henry met Montgomery in the fatal tilt—the Dauphin's band, which began the jousts, was preceded by two heralds, "fair set out with the King and Queen Dauphins' arms, with a scutcheon of England set forth to the show, as all the world might easily perceive; the same being embroidered with purple velvet and set out with armory upon their breasts, backs and sleeves." Henry succumbed to his wound on the 10th of July; and by next day Throckmorton was informed that Mary had already written to Scotland that, notwithstanding the malice of her enemies, she was now Queen of France and Scotland, and trusted to be Queen of England too. In writing to her mother concerning the sufferings of Catharine de Medicis, through the illness and death of her husband, she says: "I believe that, if it were not that the King, her son, is so obedient to her, there is nothing that she wishes but to die soon; which would be the greatest misfortune that could happen to this poor country and to us all."

Even in happy France, Mary had her own share of illnesses and troubles. There are many references to these in the 'Calendar of State Papers, Foreign Series,' after March, 1559. She looked "very pale and green, and withal short breathed." To prevent her swooning in church, wine was brought her from the altar. It was feared she could not live long. She was so weak after a meal that she fell a swooning, and was recovered with *aqua composita*—perhaps, as in her girlhood, her appetite was better than her digestion. Francis was said to be suffering from an incurable disease, and she to be in a consumption. From one of her letters, written long afterwards, it is inferred that while in France she also had the small-pox. In December, 1559, a Scot, named Thomas Stewart, was imprisoned for, among other things, imprudently wishing that she was in heaven; and next day she had a narrow escape in the hunting field. In April, 1560, she made very great lamentations and wept bitterly, saying, as was reported, that her uncles had undone her, and caused her to lose her realm. Although it was known in France on the 18th of June that her mother had died in Edinburgh Castle on the 10th, the

bad news was kept from her until the 28th. When, on the 6th of August, Throckmorton had an interview with her, her talk was all in Scottish; and again on the 19th—the first interview he had with her at which Catharine was not present—she spoke in the same tongue. Her reign as Queen of France was very short, for Francis died on the 5th of December, 1560—"leaving," says the English Ambassador, "as heavy and dolorous a wife, as of right she had good cause to be, who, by long watching with him during his sickness, and painful diligence about him, and specially by the issue thereof, is not in best tune of her body, but without danger."

"The Reformers, with Knox at their head, were savagely exultant," says Mr. Skelton, who thus proceeds to quote Knox:—"Lo! the potent hand of God from above sends unto us a wonderful and most joyful deliverance; for unhappy Francis suddenly perisheth of a rotten ear—that deaf ear that never would hear the truth of God." As quoted by Mr. Skelton these words may convey the idea of savage exultation; but in Knox's own work they do not form a continuous sentence—Mr. Skelton having omitted more than a page. Knox rejoiced not at the death of Francis in itself; but at the wonderful deliverance of the doomed Huguenots, and the preservation of Scotland from threatened punishment. Instead of quoting loosely on this point, Father Stevenson contents himself by simply referring to "Knox's coarse and violent expressions of delight"; but charges Throckmorton with speculating on her second marriage, ere "her husband had scarce ceased to breathe." On the day following the death of Francis, Throckmorton does so, in his letter to the English Council; but, in the same letter, he was able to tell what he understood Mary's own feelings to be in the matter—to marry one who could uphold her greatness. Father Stevenson prudently abstains from noticing the remarks about Mary's desire at this stage; but afterwards, without giving the date, he triumphantly cites them as illustrating the superiority of the widowed Queen of Scotland to the unwedded Queen of England! If Mary herself could give expression to her thoughts of a second marriage a few hours after the death of her first husband, it is not surprising that a keen politician like Throckmorton could speculate on the same. An earlier letter of his shows that there were speculations at Orleans concerning her second marriage a week before Francis died.

Writing on the 31st of December, Throckmorton says that, since Francis died, "she hath showed (and so continueth) that she is both of great wisdom for her years, modesty, and also of great judgment in the wise handling herself and her matters." He also states that, "immediately upon her husband's death, she changed her lodging, withdrew herself from all company, and became so solitary and exempt of all worldliness, that she doth not to this day see daylight, and so will continue out forty days." Father Stevenson, while professing to follow the letters of the English Ambassador, alleges that "during this period of her seclusion she admitted no man to come into her chamber but the King and his brethren, the King of Navarre, the old Constable Mortmorency, and her uncles." Throckmorton, however, states distinctly that this strict seclusion was only observed for fifteen days. He also tells that within two or three days after the forty were ended, she removed two leagues out of Orleans, where she was visited every other day by the King, the Queen Mother, and the Princes of the Court. The Spanish Ambassador and his wife were very often with her. In February, Bedford found her at Fontainebleau. She left the Court* after the middle of March, and reached Rheims on the 26th, where she stayed until about the middle of April, when she left for Lorraine, taking Jenville—the Duke of Guise's house—by the way. It was at this time that two representative Scots waited on her—John Lesley, afterwards Bishop of Ross; and the Lord James, afterwards the Regent Murray.

Father Stevenson credits the Lord James with having not only imposed on Mary, but on her astute uncles; and, on the authority of Conaeus, says that he assured her that "Scotland's allegiance to the Holy See was unshaken." If Mary and the Guises were deceived by any one who could utter such a palpable falsehood, they must have been simpletons indeed. They knew that, the year before, the Scottish Parliament had ratified a Protestant Confession of Faith, and had not only renounced the authority of the Pope, but had forbidden the saying or hearing of mass under pain of death for the third offence. His explanation of Mary's change of purpose, regarding the temporary appointment of her brother as Regent, is as unsatisfactory; for, as he states, Lesley—who was specially sent to France to counteract the Lord James—reached the Queen a day before his antagonist; and, as Lesley himself tells, he remained with her until she returned to Scotland. Throckmorton's explanation is much more reasonable—she could not dissuade him from his devotion to Elizabeth, the observance of the league with England, and his religion. For the oft-repeated assertion that the Lord James advised Elizabeth to intercept Mary on her way to Scotland, Father Stevenson, like Hosack, can produce nothing more than the bare statement of Camden.

Mary intended to return by the 8th of May to Rheims, where the boy King was to be crowned; but she was seized at Nancy with a tertian fever. Though not quite recovered, she arrived at Paris on the 10th of June, receiving an honourable welcome from the King, his mother, and the nobles; but there she again suffered from the tertian fever. On leaving Paris, she was accompanied, Lesley says, by the Court to St. Germain, where, after a few days, she took her leave of "the King, Quene, and haill nobilitie, with gret honour, favorabill and loving interteinment, and most frendlie amyte." Her six uncles and other nobles convoyed her to Calais, where she embarked on Thursday—not Friday as Mr. Skelton makes it—the 14th of August, 1561, and arrived at Leith on Tuesday the 19th. The dense fog which prevailed during her voyage was regarded both by Knox and Lesley as providential—by Knox as a token of the dolorous days coming on Scotland, by Lesley as a veil to hide the galleys from the English cruisers. Elizabeth, who had doggedly refused her a safe-conduct, unless she signed the Treaty of Edinburgh, said of course that her ships were looking for pirates.

D. HAY FLEMING.

* According to Sir James Melville, Mary retired from the Court because of Catharine's "rygorous and vengeable dealing," who alleged that she was despised by Mary, at the instigation of the Guises, during the reign of Francis.

CONCERNING 'LORD ORMONT AND HIS AMINTA.'

HAS Mr. Meredith ever been adequately studied as a Briton? I think not; though one of his most recent critics has insisted on his patriotism, and seems to have no doubt about his brains as well as his limbs being made in England. It is true one has only to read from 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel' and 'Harry Richmond' onwards, to feel convinced of his intense enjoyment of many phases of English life and manners, an enjoyment quite as great as Fielding's, but differing as much in kind as in expression; and what more can one say? The attitude of Mr. Meredith to things English has never been a simple one, but it partly explains itself in his newest novel. It is the attitude of admiration, but the admiration of an outsider, with a far better understanding of the meaning of the game than all save a very few of the insiders. 'Lord Ormont and his Aminta' compels an inquiry into the nationality of Mr. Meredith's mind—though it gives no very definite answer. Read in one light, the book is a glorification of English boys, English schoolboy honour, English pluck and daring, an eloquent tolerance of, an artistic esteem for, English defects. This kind of sentiment used to be embodied in stories by Mr. Thomas Hughes. Nowadays an excellent interpreter of the Anglo-Saxon temper in its tougher moods has been found in Mr. Rudyard Kipling. (Was Mr. Meredith ever brought into such incongrous company?—but the incongruity is just the point.) They take English superiority for granted calmly, or hoist the flag aggressively, ignore the faults they do not wish to see, or berate their country soundly for others, and mainly for not being English enough. Mr. Meredith's lyrical enthusiasm for his country, and his intellectual enjoyment of her limitations, are something entirely different. With his cosmopolitan sympathies, his personal freedom from insular prejudices, he is exactly the type of man whom you expect to look on John Bull as a barbarian, and hold all Philistines in horror as unclean, or not conversible-with fellow-citizens. But he does nothing of the kind. In the first place, perhaps, he has too much humour, but, secondly, he comes with such fresh, untired eyes to look at the Philistines that he finds them most amusing fellows, and thereupon sits down, not to laugh at them, but to describe their points of view till you are persuaded he is bringing you into a company of distinction. He is like a foreigner turned Anglophile, and there is nothing sincerer and heartier than the admiration of such. Just as the descendants of the English of the pale became more Irish than the Irish, so Mr. Meredith, with a mind that one does not at all recognise as native, is in certain moods more British than the British. I am not going to try and put a label on the nationality of his mind; perhaps there is no nationality ready to admit it on the score of very near kinship. But it is something swifter than English, and not only more agile, but more delighting in agility; not more emotional or imaginative, but with a keener intellectual sense of the value of emotions and of the part imagination plays in ordinary life. What reconciles his style to those who are not admirers of it *per se*, is that it is convincingly the sign of a difference of vision between him and the world that uses a different English; and the difference lies mainly in rate of speed. Speech is too slow and sluggish and unwieldy a thing for the gait of his thought; he wrestles with it, rushes through it, makes unheard of demands on it, passes half of it by, setting at nought all its habits in making it serve his hurried purposes.

With his agility he sees most of the game. More than there is to see, say breathless readers, who cannot run with him. And it is not only a swift but a double vision he would have those employ who follow his guidance, one that shall mark the motive and final meaning in the imperfect act that was their sorry manifestation. Thackeray made his men talk and walk as we see men talk and walk in Piccadilly and Fleet Street, as an Englishman sees them, taking many things about them for granted, lumping their contents often. They are distinctive figures, and fairly easy of classification as fools, or knaves, or heroes. Richmond Roy is perhaps as real as Barry Lyndon and Richard Feverel as Pendennis, but your attitude towards the Meredith characters is quite different. They force you out of the rôle of mere passer-by, or outright approver or condemner, into a kind of excited student of them as well, and if you cannot take quick notes of the throbbings, and eye-glances, and thrills noted in the professor's demonstration, you are apt not to learn as much as you would have done from a lay figure.

Now 'Lord Ormont and his Aminta' does not present more points than any of the other books for a study of English minds and manners, but it does present Mr. Meredith's attitudes to these more distinctly. 'Harry Richmond,' 'Richard Feverel,' and 'Sandra Belloni,' are far better stories. Rhoda and Lucy and Diana are greater women than Aminta. Aminta has great moments, nevertheless; but we see her mainly through the eyes of those that loved her. "Her look was like the fall of light on the hills from the first of the morning." "Absent or present, she was round him, like the hills of a valley." "She was that fire in the night which lights the night and draws the night to look at it." There are a few memorable pictures where we look at her directly and not through her lovers' eyes. One is the swimming scene, which is either very comic, or magnificent, according to one's humour. Mr. Swinburne should set it to verse. Another is as she lies waiting for lightning, "her black hair scattered on the pillow like shadow of twigs and sprays on moonlit grass, illuminated intermittently; smiling to him, but her heart out and abroad, wild as any witch's." Great or small, she is very picturesque, and we feel a resentment, whether false romanticism breed it or not, that Aminta of the radiant sunset face, should be dedicated to the service of schoolboys. Matey Weyburn, most decorous of young heroes and schoolmasters, decorous even in his defiance of the world's conventions, is a manly young fellow. But if he hadn't been made by Mr. Meredith, he would have been made by a woman; he has that quality of preternatural solemnity which in women's heroes answers, in frequency, to the love of being mastered in men's heroines. The book, if not among the best, takes us back, nevertheless, to Mr. Meredith's best time. It is full of things that are clear-sighted, just, and beautiful. Here are some picked at random:—

"Muscular principles are sown only out in the world; and, on the whole, with all their errors, the worldly men are the

truest as well as the bravest of men." "The men called great, who have risen to distinction, are not men of brains, but the men of aptitudes. . . . They are not the men of brains, the men of insight and outlook. Often enough they are foes of the men of brains." "We do not get to any heaven by renouncing the Mother we spring from; and when there is an eternal secret for us, it is best to believe that Earth knows, to keep near her, even in our utmost aspirations."

But there is an interest in it apart from its spots of excellence and beauty. In all the principal characters, save only Aminta, you see British qualities sublimated—in the schoolboys, in Lord Ormont, in Lady Charlotte, that magnificent combination of aristocratic insolence and generosity, tempered by a sense of abstract justice, and a capability for welcoming ideas, both rather alien qualities. Not that the patriotism is fulsome. The book is loud with the hard knocks at England's faults, many of them rapped out by the great Briton himself, Lord Ormont, the real personage of the story, notwithstanding Lady Charlotte and her picturesque vagaries. And you see the appreciative outsider continually pricking the Britons to outstrip themselves, to be their best, their most spirited selves.

Mr. Meredith, in his more individual humours, has to be translated—this is not, by the way, one more weary reference to his style—and his conceptions do not always tally with their rendering by ordinary minds. *His* Lord Ormont is a daring, military genius, sage in council, mighty in the field, but neglected by his country because he had used the sword too promptly in an Indian difficulty, in contempt of civil authority. "Counting the cries, Lord Ormont won his case. Festival aldermen, smoking clubmen, buckskin squires, obsequious yet privately excitable tradesmen, sedentary coachmen, and cabmen of Viking descent, were set to think like boys about him; and the boys, the women, and the poets formed a tipsy chorus." This sounds like laughing; but if so, it is only for a moment. Gallant and duellist—it is not a story of to-day—his reputation other than military is romantic and dangerous. He is far down in burgess estimation. His temper is high, and his letters to the press make friends and foes alike jeer and laugh. No longer a young man, he marries the beautiful, youthful Aminta, somewhat in Oriental fashion. He is not in favour; therefore it is right she should feel it, and she is caged up in a luxurious prison, leaving the world in doubt whether she is Lady Ormont at all. He is a most respectful jailer, and the coldest of husbands. But when the time comes, appointed by his wisdom, he prepares her entrance into the world, in grand style, and regardless of trouble. Her presentation would have been something worth beholding. Indeed, his dignity and cocksuredness are such that we join the "tipsy chorus" at once—if we don't read him in translation. Only, he miscalculated, forgot he was not dealing with a perfectly trained and valuable horse. Aminta unwittingly surprised him in his preparations for her reception in the home of his boyhood. She appeared before him in ambiguous company, but he was too magnanimous to doubt her innocence. He only dismissed her loftily, with no scandal, just if as he were giving field orders, or rather as if he were a calm Providence, a little surprised that its children should not trust implicity through years of beneficent, if totally unexplained, designs.

Translated, he is a brave, blundering Briton of tyrannical manners and narrow mind, who sulks when he is neglected, and looks on his wife as a chattel, and who is not even jealous of others not at all inclined to be cold to her, disbelieving even the possibility of her preference for anyone else. Never were conceit and unimaginativeness more perfectly combined.

But is it not better to read the original, and catch the glamour from his adventurous life, from his dignified assurance bred of his courage and his inability to see the petty, instead of gibing at the "injured veteran, who compressed, almost repressed, the roar of Achilles, though his military bright name was to him his Briseis?" The mere fact that one understands a man enough to detest him with good reason, is no proof that one understands him finally; and it is liberalizing to have a sublimated vision of the possibilities of anything, or any one, no matter how imperfect. The British officer, brave, impatient of ideas other than military ones, limited, a bully, though not a petty bully, is seen in such a vision in Lord Ormont. This is the use of Mr. Meredith's point of view. His enjoyment and appreciations stretch so far beyond his personal sympathies. One less alien to the actors in his plays would miss half from thinking he knew all about them already. A real foreigner would miss the fine shades, and would blunder over names, for all his interest. Mr. Meredith's interest is as keen as if he had just landed in our midst, but he never blunders with shades or names. He needs running after, and keeping difficult pace with to an extent that makes expostulatory criticism legitimate; otherwise he would have hardly a rival for giving, sympathetically, the innermost hearts of men and women. His is not merely the dramatic instinct of clothing his characters in their rightful appearance and conduct, but an enthusiastic endeavour to understand them perfectly—which overshoots itself occasionally, it must be confessed, and presents only a confused impression. It is in some degree a feminine quality, this glow of interest in his personages, his hot partisanship for their point of view, for the moment. The plain Briton thinks he is fooled by Mr. Meredith: a novelist who can make a compact, understandable figure like Pickwick is the novelist for him. But the plain Briton should know his friends, and he has never had so near a chance of being understood and explained in that wider and final way he puts off hoping for till he reaches a better world, than by the pen of this writer whom he feels to be an alien, but who nevertheless admires English character with the impartiality of a disinterested looker-on, and loves it not in sections, but in its fulness. G-Y.

GERHART HAUPTMANN.

ON a memorable Sunday in the autumn of 1889, the Berlin *Freie Buhne* courageously started its career with a representation at the Lessing Theatre of a new social drama entitled 'Sunrise,' and a hitherto obscure young author awoke the next morning to find himself famous. No one was more surprised than Gerhart Hauptmann at the sensation created by his first play. He had written it without dreaming of the possibility of its ever

seeing the light on a public stage, and so was unhampered by the hundred and one restrictions that beset the dramatic aspirant who caters for popularity, and fears the censors, official and unofficial.

The scene of 'Sunrise' is laid in a mining district, and the misery and degradation of the miners, the selfishness and vulgarity of their capitalist employers, are graphically depicted, with an unflinching realism, but with a vivid brevity which reveals vice in one lurid flash, rather than by a series of painstaking and nauseating details. From this sombre background stand out in happy relief love passages of a Goethean charm and naivety between the unheroic Socialist hero and the unsophisticated heroine, who, in spite of her sordid surroundings and depraved connections, retains the first bloom of her girlish innocence and purity.

That a young and unknown man should have produced a play so daringly original, so fresh without being crude, and one in which the prentice hand is nowhere visible, naturally filled an independent theatre-going world with wonder and delight, but it raised a storm of indignation in the bosom of the *bourgeoisie*, and incensed the Philistine critics. With the exception of the *Vossiche Zeitung*, in whose columns a veteran journalist generously welcomed 'Sunrise' as a work of genius, the whole press assailed its author with furious vituperation. He was accused of plagiarising Zola's 'La Terre,' a book he had never read, of having set at defiance every canon of art, and of having outraged the laws of common morality and decency.

Worse still, for a man desirous of belonging to no school and of upholding no cult, the naturalists and décadents claimed him for their own. The poet looked on for a while in amused amazement at the strife he had so unwittingly stirred up, and then fled into the country, where he set to work on two new plays. The hubbub over his first had scarcely subsided, when one bitterly cold night in 1890 saw two or three of Hauptmann's chosen literary friends ploughing through a snowstorm in the direction of Charlottenburg, to enjoy the rare privilege of hearing him read aloud, in his perfectly trained, mellifluous voice, a drama of domestic life, entitled 'Einsame Menschen' ('Lonely Beings'). What is cynically called the "triangular situation," the somewhat hackneyed theme of the love of two women for one man, is treated in this play in a manner which recalls 'Rosmerholm.' The final catastrophe in both is almost identical, but whereas Ibsen's is saturated with a gloomy pessimism, Hauptmann's is often pervaded by a genial, piquant humour, and is sufficiently lively to justify the belief that it might enjoy a "run" even on the boards of a London theatre. It contains some remarkably trenchant analysis of character, and the characters verily live. We seem almost to feel their very pulse-throbs, to hear the beating of their hearts. If 'The Weavers' is the most powerful play Hauptmann has as yet produced, 'Lonely Beings' is undoubtedly the most subtle.

A visit to his native soil, the mountains of Silesia, suggested to him the idea of writing 'Die Weber' ('The Weavers'). Wandering from village to village, he associated intimately with the people from whom he had sprung, making mental photographs of their habits and character. The hideous oppression and hardships suffered by the Silesian weavers during a time of famine in the forties was a tradition in his family. His own grandfather had fought against starvation as he sat at his spinning-wheel, and had nearly succumbed in those terrible days. Stories he had heard in his childhood came back to Gerhart Hauptmann as vividly as if he had heard them only yesterday. He remembered his father—a prosperous, self-made man—the day he moved into his handsome, well-appointed new residence, celebrating the house-warming by collecting his boys and girls around him, and telling them the story of his youthful privations, of how he, too, had felt the cruel pangs of hunger, and almost gone under in the struggle for life.

Little did the father suspect what a deep and lasting impression he was making on the small, dreamy-eyed boy at his feet—the youngest of his sons, whom he thought the

stupidest, because he was always bottom of his class—or that his narrative was afterwards to serve as the basis of one of the most moving, realistic dramas of modern times.

'The Weavers' is a tragedy of hunger, and its hero is Poverty. It is written in the Silesian dialect, which intensifies in no small degree the dramatic power of its situations. No love-story, as in 'Sunrise,' runs like a thread of gold through the dark woof of grim wretchedness and suffering. The picture is all shadow.

After one performance 'The Weavers' was suppressed by the police, and to its suppression Hauptmann owed the unenviable and altogether unmerited reputation of being a dangerous propagandist of the doctrines of Socialism, and a standing menace to the public peace. Nevertheless, when once again a small audience of friends and critics were gathered together at the poet's house, and he drew forth and began to read with his usual modesty from the manuscript of 'Hannele, a dream-poem in two parts,' those who were most carried away by its pathos and beauty were two formidable guardians of the drama in Berlin, the *Oberregisseur* and the *Intendant* of the Royal *Schauspielhaus*. So completely were these magnates brought under the wand of the magician that they agreed on the spot it would be a positive crime to refuse the stage to such an inspired conception as Hannele Mattern's death-dream.

The wisdom of their decision was confirmed by the enthusiasm with which the play was received on its first performance. In the theatre it proved even more effective and touching than when read in the author's study, and nearly all the critics united to praise it. His latest work has wafted the fame of Gerhart Hauptmann's name into other countries than his own. The Paris newspapers, notably *Le Journal des Debats*, have accorded him long and appreciative criticisms, and a translation of 'Hannele' by Mr. Archer appeared in a recent number of the *New Review*, where it has scarcely attracted the attention it deserves. But to read 'Hannele' in a translation is not the same thing as seeing it acted in the original, and beholding with one's bodily eyes the marvellous hallucination painted by the fevered brain of the dying beggar girl, on the bare walls of a village casual ward. Spectators cannot fail to be profoundly impressed by the consummate art and psychological accuracy with which the delirium of Hannele is set forth. In it is shown the picture of her poor little life as it has been—a hell on earth, owing to the fiendish cruelty of a drunken step-father—and the picture of it as she firmly and piously believes it will be in the future, a heaven evolved out of her childish imagination from Bible stories learnt at Sunday-school, and fairy stories heard at her dead mother's knee, a heaven in which "good things to eat," soft carpets, beautiful glittering white clothes, garlands of flowers, snowy-winged angels, play an important part round the central figure of a Christ who is her earthly hero, the village schoolmaster, transfigured and glorified.

In Germany, deep down among the poorest of the poor, in the wilds of the most God-forsaken country districts, a strong vein of national poetry still exists, and 'Hannele' is its appropriate utterance. Hauptmann's method is invariably in harmony with his material, and the greater part of his dream-drama is written in simple but exquisitely musical verse. It has laid him open to the charge of deserting naturalism for idealism and mysticism, and the school that at first hailed him with such a flourish of trumpets now denounce the author of 'Sunrise' as a renegade. But after all the poet has been true to himself. He has never been the slave of any *ism*, and has always aimed strenuously at pourtraying life, no matter what phase or condition of it he may select, with unerring truth. Whether he is dealing with the drunkenness and degenerate morals of a mining population, the despair of famine-stricken Silesian weavers, with the delicate emotions of the soul, as in 'Lonely Beings,' or the dying visions of a child of the people, he penetrates to the root of his subject, and divines the form in which it can be most faithfully presented. It is the individuality of his genius which makes it as ridiculous to speak of Hauptmann as an imitator of Zola or a disciple of Ibsen, as it is to regard him as the mere fanatical exponent of the cause of Social Democracy.

He is only just entering on his third decade, therefore the time is not yet ripe for pronouncing a final judgment on his works. As men's lives go, half a century of literary activity in all probability yet lies before him, though it would be unreasonable to expect any other period of his life to be so prolific in creation as the last five years have been. Besides the plays to which only inadequate allusion has been made in this article, he has produced others, as well as a poem of striking merit, and several novels, all more or less characterised by a large-hearted compassion for sorrowing humanity, and an intolerance of the social evils of the day. 'Florian Geyer,' the historical drama on which he is at present working, is being awaited with much curiosity. His admirers predict that the dramatist will make the portion of the past he is exploring in the archives of Nuremburg and Rothenburg live again, and that his characters will be no mere resurrected mummies, but breathing figures clothed with flesh and blood, as much in touch with modern life as Wagner's Siegfried or Tristan.

Whether these hopes be fulfilled or not, Gerhart Hauptmann has already won an honourable place in literature. He will certainly count many English readers among his admirers as soon as adequate opportunities are given them of making his acquaintance. E. B. Marshall.

THE LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF HAMPSTEAD.

III.—Collins' Farm, North End.

TO Collins' Farm, North End, John Linnell, then in his thirty-third year, took his family for a permanent residence of several years. He had lodged for longer or shorter periods in the house and neighbourhood for some time before, and had found the air beneficial. But he retained his house in Cirencester Place as a studio, and also apparently as a baking house. Linnell was for many years accustomed to bake his own bread, having a horror of adulteration. But Collins' Farm was too small for such a business, and Linnell brought his bread thither from London.

During his residence at Collins' Farm he was constantly visited by William Blake, who was then living in Fountain Court, Strand. There were then stage coaches for Hampstead from London, leaving in the morning and returning at night. Blake, however, usually walked up and often walked home, his host sending a servant with a

lantern to guide him through the darkness to "the village." In a cottage near by lived Samuel Palmer, afterwards Linnell's son-in-law—then and always an enthusiastic disciple of Blake, who used to visit him in the home-going. Collins' Farmhouse was small, but bright and attractive inside. Among those who used to be there were Mulready, John Varley, the astrologer; Richter, the author of a curious brochure in exposition of Kant's philosophy, entitled 'Daylight'; and Dr. Thornton, whose letters in Gilchrist's 'Blake' will be remembered. Blake "would often stand at the door gazing in tranquil reverie across the garden towards the gorse-clad hill. He liked sitting in the arbour at the bottom of the long garden, or walking up and down

COLLINS' FARM.

the same at dusk, while the cows, munching their evening meal, were audible from the farmyard on the other side of the hedge." Or he would listen with tears in his eyes to Mrs. Linnell singing:

"O Nancy's hair is yellow as gowd,
And her een as the lift are blue."

There was one serious deduction from his pleasure. He detested the air of Hampstead. The north he considered in itself malignant, if not devilish, while the south was genial and good. He loved Surrey, and his ideas of beauty and healthfulness were fulfilled there rather than in Hampstead. He wrote (Feb. 1st, 1826) a characteristic letter to Linnell, from which the following may be quoted: "When I was young, Hampstead, Highgate, Hornsey, Muswell Hill, and even Islington, and all places north of London, always laid me up the day after, and sometimes two or three days, with precisely the same complaint and the same torment of the stomach; easily removed, but excruciating while it lasts, and enfeebling for some time after. Sir Francis Bacon would say it is want of discipline in mountainous places. Sir Francis Bacon is a liar; no discipline will turn one man into another even in the least particle; and such discipline I call presumption and folly. I have tried it too much not to know this, and am very sorry for all those who may be led to such ostentatious exertions against their eternal existence itself; because it is a mental rebellion against the Holy Spirit, and fit only for a soldier of Satan to perform."

There is a tradition, which I have not been able to verify, that Dickens lodged in this house and wrote in it part of 'David Copperfield.' The place is now known as "Wildwood Farm."

Another friend whom Blake occasionally visited in Hampstead was Flaxman, whose residence I cannot identify.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

NEW BOOKS.

READINGS IN THE INFERNO OF DANTE.*

Here and in Italy the name of Vernon has become honourably coupled with that of Dante. Thirty or forty years ago the late Lord Vernon printed his superb folio edition, and in 1889 his son published 'Readings on the Purgatorio,' of which he proposes to issue shortly a revised edition. That book soon found and has retained its level because it supplied very happily an admitted need. Mr.

* 'Readings in the Inferno of Dante.' By the Hon. W. W. Vernon, M.A. In two volumes. (Macmillan and Co.) Price 30s.

Vernon has now treated the Inferno on the same, or rather a somewhat improved, plan. An excellent one it is. The book takes precisely the form of exegetical lectures, though not, I believe, written for the purpose of delivery or ever actually delivered. Mr. Vernon, like a professor lecturing on Sophocles, takes a few lines or stanzas at a time, carefully translates them, and then gives a running commentary on their general scope, significance, and relation to the context and to the main "march of the fable," with explanations of difficult or obscure allusions. Textual, verbal and grammatical criticism, however, he throws into the form of footnotes. This, of course, seems rather to clash with his general aim, but on the whole I think it judicious. It is hard to draw the line, and some of his notes must be read in close connection with his commentary, which without them would lose much of its point. Yet to have woven them into the commentary would have infallibly broken the continuity of his argument, besides wearying and confusing the student. For instance, his valuable note on "biscazza" in Inf. xi. 44, or that on the rather obscure line, "Testando, e dando al testamento norma" (Inf. xxx. 45), involving some difficult legal points with regard to the frauds of Gianni Schicchi—such notes as these if woven into the text would have destroyed all sense of comparative proportion. In form and quality the notes are admirable, and one can only regret that they are not more numerous. However, the conscientious student will hardly fail to keep his Scartazzini open before him for reference in any difficulty which Mr. Vernon does not solve.

As to the 'Readings,' it seems to me they are just what we want. Given a fair grammatical knowledge of Italian, any student can now with their assistance boldly attack the Divina Commedia and work through it systematically. A single hour spent on laboriously construing Dante's text and at every line referring to the footnotes, is enough to fatigue and discourage most people. Some give it up in disgust; those who persevere can hardly hope to realise the flow and continuity of the poem till their third or fourth reading. They could no doubt get along nicely if they could read it in private lectures with some experienced Dantist, and it is this assistance which Mr. Vernon supplies so far as written can replace oral instruction. And in a large measure it can, provided it be couched in the same colloquial style. This is Mr. Vernon's strongest point; he never falls into essay-writing or addresses the admiring public instead of the supposed disciple sitting at his feet. We are carried along with him as he goes; we attack each stanza with confidence, knowing that there is help at call; the main clues of the argument which we are always losing or entangling in our inexperience are held straight for us by his practised hand; still more—why not confess it?—when we begin to yawn or look off the book we feel that the master's eye is down upon us. Yes, it is an excellent plan. I have long thought that when once a student has been grounded in the indispensable elements which pass as schoolwork, the first step in what we call literary culture is a thorough, critical and sympathetic study of some great book under the guidance of a teacher who knows that book perfectly and cognate books fairly well. That book may be selected from a list of a thousand. Any will serve; none fulfils the precise ideal. To Dante there are no doubt some serious objections. To more than one type of mind his influence, if thus allowed to preponderate, is pernicious. Moreover, to know him thoroughly involves a high degree of specialism; few are justified in devoting the necessary time to a sufficiently minute study of mediæval history and philosophy. On the other hand, his marvellous variety and fertility of allusion and illustration gives unrivalled scope for comment. As discipline for a strong, well-balanced mind not tempted to forget "how small a part of time they share that are so wondrous sweet and fair," Dante may be recommended without scruple. But I have already in these columns ventured to defend the despised "One-book men," of whom you will find the Dantists not the least interesting or the poorest company. To these Illuminati many a neophyte will be added who will owe his initiation to Mr. Vernon, and who will have learnt from him how to hold the Dante faith pure and undefiled by superstition.

The commentary is mainly based on the voluminous Latin lectures of Benvenuto da Imola on Dante, or perhaps we should say it extracts the plums from that prolix work, the fine editio princeps of which, printed in 1889 at Florence, in five volumes, and edited by (I think) a son of Sir James Lacaita, we owe to Mr. Vernon's munificence. Its authority is great, greater perhaps than modern critics will concede. With all his narrowness and ignorance, Benvenuto could expound Dante in a spirit less critical, no doubt, but more familiar than we can attain, for the Poet had then been dead only fifty-four years. Dante's contemporaries may have been blind to the highest qualities of his work, but they knew a thousand details about it and him which, but for them, we should never have suspected. Moreover, in following this old guide, Mr. Vernon seems to have imported something of his charm the academic gravity, the Dantesque seriousness about trifles, nay, even a small spice of pedantry by no means ungrateful.

That the Commentary quite satisfies my ideal would be saying too much, though now and then it approaches it. No running commentary on any book that I have yet heard or read ever did. I want to see a poem taken passage by passage, and criticised fearlessly and sympathetically, not from the textual, not from the philological, not from the historical, but from the purely literary and æsthetic point of view. This is just what they will not allow us to have at Oxford. No doubt it is a delicate task. It may require something of a poet to do it, but more men than you think are something, if not a good deal, of the poet. Such criticism, I say, should be fearless. The French, who have made some attempts, are as a rule paralysed by conventional respect for at least their own *grands écrivains*. We want to know where the poet has gone wrong, where he conceived falsely, or where he fell short in execution of his lofty conception, and why it was so. We want by studying these imperfections and their causes to bear aloft our standard of ideal perfection unwarped, undefiled by slavish adulation of a favourite model. Nor will such criticism cool our devotion to the great masters, for their momentary aberrations and wayward caprices are ever rich in human interest and suggestive of the infinite variety and vivacity of Nature—that same rebellious variety which composes in the woodland leafage designs more harmonious than our most æsthetic wall-papers. And so the commentator will be, what he should be, warmly sympathetic. He will take up some passage of Dante, and will try to conjecture how he lit upon the thought, why he chose it, how he refined and modified it, and how under the exigencies of rhetoric and rhyme it came to be embodied in its precise phrase. In all this, if he be but a little skilful, he may trace the working of the poet's mind, and by sympathising with his difficulties may mark and keenly enjoy his triumphs. It seems to me that nowadays we study everything in a poem save its poetry. But this enquiry would carry us far afield, and a line or two must be reserved for Dr. Moore's interesting Introduction. It is mainly a defence of the Inferno against certain naughty critics, and is so temperately expressed that I am really sorry to own that none of its arguments have convinced me. Two of them, (2) and (4), are a little perilous. Thus (2) granted that Dante is truculent. Well, so is the Psalmist. And yet he "was 'inspired' in a sense which no one has yet claimed for Dante." Again (4) Dante may not quite have meant all he said. Men are better than their creeds. Pious Christians now say a good deal which they do not believe, and believe a good deal which they do not realise. These arguments are fair enough in their way, but some will push them too far.

Y. Y.

A NEW POET.*

A young Englishman of literary ambition is usually busy with details of rhythm, the advantages of opposing methods, and the like, and is content to leave problems of government to the journalists, and questions of fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute, to the professors and the devils. In Ireland we go into the other extreme, and our literature has sprung generally from some movement in public affairs, and, but for the lack of education and the belief that all such matters have been settled out of hand by the Catholic Church, would, I doubt not, have sprung also from

* 'Homeward: Songs by the Way.' By A. E. (Whaley, 46, Dawson Chambers, Dublin.)

philosophical movements, for an Irishman cut adrift from his priest is exceedingly speculative. A little school of transcendental writers has indeed started up in the last year or two, as it is, and made many curious and some beautiful lyrics. I make no excuse for telling its history, for not one moment is trivial among the million ages which Blake says go to the making of a flower. About twelve years ago seven youths began to study European magic and Oriental mysticism, and because, as the Gaelic proverb puts it, contention is better than loneliness, agreed to meet at times in a room in a dirty back street and to call their meetings "The Dublin Hermetic Society." They gradually accumulated a set of convictions for themselves, of which a main part was, I think, that the poets were uttering, under the mask of phantasy, the old revelations, and that we should truly look for genii of the evening breeze and hope for the final consummation of the world when two halcyons might sit upon a bough and eat once-poisonous herbs and take no harm. As for the rest, they spent their days in battles about the absolute and the alcahest, and I think that none read the newspapers, and am sure that some could not have told you the name of the viceroy. These periodical meetings started a movement, and the movement has begun to make literature. One of the group published last year a very interesting book of verse which he withdrew from circulation in a moment of caprice, and now "A. E.," its arch-visionary, has published 'Homeward: Songs by the Way,' a pamphlet of exquisite verse. He introduces it with this quaint preface: "I moved among men and places and in living I learned the truth at last. I know I am a spirit, and that I went forth from the self-ancestral to labours yet unaccomplished; but, filled ever and again with home-sickness, I made these songs by the way." The pamphlet is in no sense, however, the work of a preacher, but of one who utters, for the sake of beauty alone, the experience of a delicate and subtle temperament. He is a moralist, not because he desires, like the preacher, to coerce our will, but because good and evil are a part of what he splendidly calls "the multitudinous meditation" of the divine world in whose shadow he seeks to dwell. No one who has an ear for poetry at all can fail to find a new voice and a new music in lines like these:

"What of all the will to do?
It has vanished long ago,
For a dream-shaft pierced it through
From the Unknown Archer's bow.

What of all the soul to think?
Some one offered it a cup
Filled with a diviner drink,
And the flame has burned it up.

What of all the hope to climb?
Only in the self we grope
To the misty end of time:
Truth has put an end to hope.

What of all the heart to love?
Sadder than for will or soul,
No light lured it on above;
Love has found itself the whole."

Such poetry is profoundly philosophical in the only way in which poetry can be; it describes the emotions of a soul dwelling in the presence of certain ideas. Some passionate temperaments, amorous of the colour and softness of the world, will refuse the quietism of the idea in a poem like "Our Throne's Decay," but they can do no other than feel the pathos of the emotion:

"I said my pleasure shall not move;
It is not fixed in things apart;
Seeking not love—but yet to love—
I put my trust in my own heart.

I know the fountain of the deep
Wells up with living joy, unfed:
Such joys the lonely heart may keep,
And love grow rich with love unwed.

Still flows the ancient fount sublime;
But, ah, for my heart, shed tears, shed tears;
Not it but love has scorn of time;
It turns to dust beneath the years."

Nor would A. E. be angry with one who turned away from his ideas, for he himself knows well that all ideas fade or change in passing from one mind to another, and that what we call "truth" is but one of our illusions, a perishing embodiment of a bodiless essence:

"The hero first taught it:
To him 'twas a deed;
To those who retaught it
A chain on their speed.

The fire that we kindled—
A beacon by night—
When darkness has dwindled
Grows pale in the light.

For life has no glory
Stays long in one dwelling,
And time has no story
That's true twice in telling.

And only the teaching
That never was spoken
Is worthy thy reaching
The fountain unbroken."

There are everywhere such memorable lines as "Come earth's little children, pit pat from their burrows in the hill," "White for Thy whiteness all desires burn," "Withers once more the old blue flower of day," "The fiery dust of evening shaken from the feet of light," "We are but embers wrapped in clay," "Make of thy gentleness thy might," "Be thou thyself that goal in which the wars of time shall cease," and "No image of the proud and morning stars looks at us from their faces."

The book has faults in plenty, certain rhymes are repeated too often, the longer lines stumble now and again, and here and there a stanza is needlessly obscure; but, taken all in all, it is the most haunting book I have seen these many days. Books published in Ireland are only too often anything but comely to look at, but this little pamphlet makes us hope much from the new house of Whaley, for it is beautifully printed upon excellent paper. W. B. YEATS.

RICHARD STEELE.*

The Mermaid Series, rising phœnix-like from its ashes, promises to maintain, and even enhance its earlier reputation. The first instalment of Professor Herford and Dr. Nicholson's 'Ben Jonson' is followed by a complete collection of Richard Steele's half-dozen finished and unfinished comedies. The editor, Mr. Aitken, published a Life of Steele in 1889, and no more competent hand could have been found for the present task. He has accomplished it admirably. The sketch of Steele's career in the introduction hits the happy mean between curtness and prolixity; abundant pains have been taken to ensure an accurate and properly punctuated text; and the occasional notes are invariably useful and to the point.

No one can be a lover of Esmond without being also a lover of Dick Steele; nor indeed does he need to claim our affections on any other merits than his own. This cornet of dragoons who wrote 'The Christian Hero,' this unthrift tippler whose pen was the sermon of a wanton age, must always be one of the gracious figures of literature. He is amongst those who win his readers' friendship, as well as excite their interest; his weaknesses ask our pity; his keen moral sensibility is in its turn to us a tonic. For in his comedies, as in the "Tatler" or the "Spectator," Steele is always primarily a moralist. It is his function to make ethics fashionable, and to show that the teaching of the Decalogue is identical with the principles of good taste. In form and style his plays belong to the drama of the Restoration, the drama of intrigue; in temper they are the reaction from it, a protest against the nasty manners which the Court of Saint James picked up during its dubious sojourn in France. Viewed from the side of art, their especial merit is in the brilliancy of the felicitous phrase. There is nothing quite to rival that perfect saying, the real *raison d'être* of the eighteenth century, the inimitable "to love her is a liberal education," but there are countless lesser gems cut in the same mode, and flashing the same water. Thus in 'The Conscious Lovers' you have "Sir John, the

* 'The Complete Plays of Richard Steele.' Edited by George A. Aitken. 'Mermaid Series.' (T. Fisher Unwin.)

honour of a gentleman is liable to be tainted by as small a matter as the credit of a trader,' and the exquisite satire of the waiting-maid Phillis' retort to her footman, "Oh, Tom! Tom! thou art as false and as base as the best gentleman of them all." But with Steele a comedy is not merely an essay in ethics nor merely a box for epigrams. His plots are somewhat intricate and sentimental, but his characters are for the most part excellent studies. Biddy Tipkin and Numps Gubbin in 'The Tender Husband' must have respectively inspired Sheridan with Lydia Languish and Goldsmith with Tony Lumpkin. The wooing of Cimberton in 'The Conscious Lovers' is a capital scene and a curious foretaste of the elder Feverel. If Mr. Aitken's edition induces students of the drama to pay more attention to Steele's work in future, he will have proved himself eminently deserving of gratitude.

Edmund K. Chambers.

THE MESSAGE OF ISRAEL.*

"It is in the belief that the work of criticism is fitted to restore to us our Bible with the freshness of a new Reformation and the preciousness of an ancient faith, that one who has no pretensions to the title of critic here undertakes to set before the public the results of criticism as they bear on the Message of Israel." Not then for the sake of expounding the methods of criticism, nor even of setting before her public the entire results of criticism, has Miss Wedgwood undertaken to write this volume, but merely in order to show how much more clearly Israel's function can be discerned by the help of the Bible which criticism has given us. If a fair judgment is to be passed on this, or indeed on any book, two questions must be answered, Is the object it aims at worth attaining, and, Is it here attained? There can be no hesitation in affirming that it was quite worth while attempting a popular exposition of the new reading of Israel's history which recent criticism gives. It was time that some competent writer should explain to the non-critical public in what respects our general view of the meaning of that history must be altered in presence of fuller knowledge of its records. But if it is asked whether Miss Wedgwood has written precisely the volume which will find the public ear and bring the desired instruction, the answer must be more hesitating. It goes without saying that the accomplished author has performed her task not only with competent learning, but with marked ability. She writes also in the best possible spirit, shrinking from disturbing old and sacred associations. We may apply to her the words she uses of a French critic, and say that her "fine discernment in the domain of science has not weakened her firm footing on the ground of Faith." There is constant evidence that the Old Testament has been studied from end to end with care, intelligence, and fruit. The style, though sometimes slightly involved, is frequently illuminated with brilliant and memorable sayings. And on the whole the volume, if not an indispensable, is yet a desirable companion to the Old Testament.

Unqualified praise, however, cannot be given to Miss Wedgwood's exposition. Its form militates against its success. It is neither a history nor a commentary nor an argument, but something of each. The reader is apt to lose the main points in a mass of detail. The difference between the old and the new idea of the books, and between the traditional and the critical interpretations of individual incidents and utterances, is made apparent; but the reader gets too little aid in summing up these differences and apprehending the total effect. Besides, a considerable number of the author's statements provoke question. For example, in the face of what we know of Xenophon, Demosthenes, Cæsar, and Mohammed, it is a little too much to say that "only on the condition of never being steadily thought out could the notion that the great heroes of national struggle or dominion expended half their energies on literary composition keep its hold on an intelligent mind; while we imagine that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, or David the Psalter, we have to forget everything else he did." To affirm that in the time of our Lord "there is nowhere any sign that [the more important parts of the Old Testament] constituted a Bible in the sense that a wall of special reverence shut them off from any possible successor" is only to court contradiction; while the statement (p. 159) that in reading the Parable of Dives and Lazarus "we are perusing a mutilated and perhaps interpolated record of words written long after they were spoken and remembered through a mist of prejudice," is a gratuitous assertion which no cautious critic would make without proof. Readers will also be staggered to learn that Ishmael, when expelled from his father's tent, was an "infant"; and that the Jewish heroes were "much less brave than their kindred among other nations." Pages 117 and 118 are marred by confounding between two angelic sins; and the author should revise the statement (p. 250) that "to read [the first chapter of Genesis] with unprejudiced attention and then peruse some commentary where holy and earnest men have taught us that it was no part of the inspired writer to communicate any truth except such as belonged to the revelation of the Divine, is to receive a fresh measure of human capacity for self-deception." Such blemishes, slight as they are, lessen the impression which would otherwise be made by a volume which conscientiously and competently handles a difficult theme, and which contains much important information and independent thinking.

Marcus Dods.

* 'The Message of Israel in the Light of Modern Criticism.' By Julia Wedgwood. (Isbister and Co., Ltd.)

SMUGGLER AND METHODIST.*

This is one of the documents that make polished and conscious literature seem but an imperfect human revelation. Not every record written straight from life has this effect, of course, but Captain Harry Carter, though shaky in his spelling, was no bungler. He wrote his life, at the request of friends, in the year 1809, as "a memorandum of the kind dealings of God to his soul," but thought his account would be "so weak that no person of sense would ever publish it to the world." Its substance was printed in 1831 in a sectarian paper; "a person of sense" has been found, eighty-five years after the writing of it, to give it in full to the world. As the unconscious revelation of a temperament it is of supreme interest. There lies its value, for readers should be warned that, in spite of its title, Carter was pretty close about the details of his smuggling. And no wonder, for his brother and friends were engaged in the trade as he wrote, and one cannot gather that he ever wished ill to, or even mourned much over, their enterprises. A record of travel and adventure it is, all the same. Captain Harry knew the inside of a good many prisons in France during the Reign of Terror, worked with negroes under a broiling American sun, had narrow escapes from death by wounds and drowning, yet lived in thankfulness for great mercies to the age of eighty. His adventures he tells graphically, and his experiences as one of Robespierre's English prisoners are of historical value; but it is on its religious side that his autobiography is of special interest, and mainly as a study of a temperament, not an English temperament, but perfervid, excitable, now revelling in heights of exaltation, now buried in untold depths of despair. His name is said not to be a Cornish one, but he had blood in him that made his birth-place appropriate. A French nun once told him he was "built for a Catholick," and she was not far wrong. His penances, his fasting, his abstinence from sleep, his sense of the value of withdrawal from the world, were more after the old Church's fashion of piety, though his visions, his rhapsodies, his passionate conviction of sin, were also in accordance with the spirit that John Wesley infused into English religious life, the only spirit that could have made up for the destruction of the more coloured Catholic faith and ritual to the Celtic populations of Wales and Cornwall. Carter had not only a vivid, emotional mind. He had a vivid pen. His autobiography is not literature exactly; he is not a Bunyan. But with marvellous force he has told what went on inside his own heart.

He started in life apparently a jolly, adventurous boy. "As for our Religion, we were brought up like the rest of our neighbours, to say some prayers after we were in the bed, and to go to Church on particular times as occasion serv'd us." He likewise "all wayse had a dislike to swearing,"

* 'The Autobiography of a Cornish Smuggler' (Captain Harry Carter, of Prussia Cove). 1749-1809. With an Introduction and Notes by John B. Cornish. 4s. net. (Pollard, Truro.)

and used to punish the sailors on board his smuggling cutter if they transgressed in this way. But the joy of life was much with him, and his value of earthly possessions was not weak. When his cutter was seized, he declared it was "his God." During all these early years he describes a flight from an enemy which he calls "conviction." It pursued him, terrified him, caught him in Dinan prison of war; he wrestled with it, and threw it off by giving his mind to the study of navigation, as Cain went with a like purpose, to build a city! Conviction did not tire, however. On shipboard it sat by his side, and, forced to own its company, he read good books. The sense of these did not always touch his soul, and then in a fury of irritation he would heave them overboard. Conviction had him at last, but only after a difficult and interesting stage when there was much despair, when he would wish himself "a toad, a serpent, or anything, so that I had no soul," and when he seems to have been somewhat jealous—he counted it for virtue—of other persons' religious emotions and experiences. He became a lay preacher, liking "room to ramble" in his sermons, both in his American exile, in the places of his French imprisonment, and, in spite of an old warrant for his apprehension, at home in Cornwall, "I went about like a towncrier," he says, "telling the people what the Lord had done for my soul." He seems to have lived in a state of fervent joy, "jumping and leaping and praising God," singing so that he could be heard a mile off, his "soul in a blaze of prayer." Yet, wherever he was, his efforts after solitude and quiet—to "keep myself to myself"—are amongst the most strenuous and the most revealing of his poetically religious nature. But he could abstract himself from crowds. Of a garden he had to walk in in his French exile he says, "some times when the walks was allmoste full of jents and lades," he would "pass through them all, as if allmoste there was no soul there but God and me only. That gardon was as the gardon of Eden to my soul."

Nevertheless, it was "a little trade in Roscoff in the brandy and gin way," undertaken at the instigation of his relatives, that procured him his second and his longest detention in France. There he made many friends, by the guilelessness, the fervour of his nature. He refused to kiss the cross offered him by one of the "twenty whemen caled nuns, presnars in the same house," but had no doubt of their ultimate salvation, and his interview with them is a pretty little incident. "They are a loving people, and the nicest whemen I ever saw in France," he concludes.

The editor deserves gratitude for giving the autobiography to the world, which has not too many such genuine records. It takes something more than fine writing to make a book of the value of the smuggler Methodist's "memorandum of the kind dealing of God to his soul."

TIBERIUS.*

"There is brain in his purpose and life-blood in his work," is the verdict of Mr. Rossetti on the drama left in manuscript by the late Francis Adams. This is no mere kindly tribute to the efforts and the memory of a writer of much promise, but an acknowledgment not a whit heartier than it should be, of promise very largely fulfilled. Like everything Mr. Adams wrote, it speaks of a vivid personality rather than distinct literary genius. Perhaps, even had he lived, it would have been given to the world in no smoother form than we have it now, with its eighty lines retrenched, and its scansion revised a little at the hands of Mr. Rossetti. The writer's fiery soul was, it may be, impatient not only of wrong, but of the grinding effort of carving and perfecting a style. His 'Songs of the Army of the Night' exhibit passion and vividness, and these qualities take care of the best moments; the less inspired ones are often left ragged and bare.

But there is a greatness about 'Tiberius.' You cannot read it unmoved, for you feel a strong purpose battling at the back of it, a heat of sincerity in its utterance, and a largeness of view. Adams was of the order of men to whom it is, at least, possible to write tragedies, because the drama of life was to him not merely matter for pretty literature. Tiberius as "Man, Lover, Emperor, and Scourge," having long haunted his imagination, he was compelled at last to throw some shadow of the presence, great and real in his mind, into a drama. The presence, appears not as the terrible, wantonly ruthless Tiberius whom we knew, but as a man with an exalted purpose degenerated in the end to tyranny, turned butcher by the ruin of his hopes, dying amidst hate and treachery, yet never convinced of the failure of his dream. Mr. Rossetti writes as if Adams might possibly have found his conception of the Emperor somewhere outside the 'Annals.' This is doubtful. A man of imagination and of strong bias reads meanings out of his own mind into books, just as he reads them into the scenes of the world. And even Tacitus, in his tremendous indictment, clearly divines Tiberius to have been a man of complex nature, and not inevitably destined from the first to play his hideous latter part—*Morum quoque tempora illi diversa.* Many other careers seemed possible to him during the life of Augustus and while his mother still lived, says his biographer.

The chief novelties in Adams' conception as compared with that of the portrait by Tacitus, are two. One is negative—the omission of that horrible trait insisted on by the historian, his long malicious memory—*nam verba vultus in crimen detorquens recondebat.* The other is the grafting on him of the great purpose, the purification of the State by the destruction of the power of the Roman nobles, the oppressors of the Roman people. This may well have been suggested by the letter of the Emperor to the Senate when he had been appealed to on the question of the alarming increase of luxury, a noble letter in the main, which expresses his detestation of the senseless extravagance corrupting the empire, but also his desire not to risk his reputation by interfering unduly. In the drama he interferes with a vengeance—all his black story in the 'Annals' is made to appear as the result of this interference. "Gorged with blood of venomous men," so much does the drama disclose. But it hides the historian's terrible picture of the numberless dead, men, women, and children, noble and humble, lying slain in heaps, or scattered lonely, friends forbidden to weep over them, or even to look on them dry-eyed too long, spies following the bodies to the Tiber, lest tender hands should burn or bear them away. Tiberius here is a man of great mind and long purpose, set to a task of conquest over little minds and selfish, temporary ends, an impossible task. Compelled to shed blood, he sheds more and more in his vain endeavour, till it makes him drunk. He is yet a man with a heart responsive to the gentler emotions and the claims of friendship, and his affections betrayed turn to madness. There may be little sanction for this. But Adams was writing poetry, not history, and at least he has created a character, and written a tragedy of a temperament. That the real Tiberius never had the vision, or if he had, that he failed in his purpose, does not hinder our appreciation of this utterance of the old, friendless, savage Tiberius of the drama.

"We are what we are made,
But something of it we have made ourselves,
Ruling the flood that bears us. There is work
Greater to do than praise or blame of fools,
And the fame of the quidnuncs or the infamy,
And I have done it! With these palsied hands
I've torn these weeds up—dragged these blood-stained stones
That clogged the mighty plan of Julius,
And proud foundations that Augustus reared
To hold their places for the age to be;
And, though the temple never greet mine eyes
But happier men shall chant and worship in it,
I have my glory!

. . . . . .

Think you all these years
That I have sat, sombre and cold, and calm,
The Fate of Rome and all her vermin nobles,
Mowing them out in sheaf-fulls with the scythe,
My hand directed with a swerveless mind,
A clear-eyed hate—these years, these silent years
Of gall, and rumination, and despair,

. . . . . .

Shall count as nothing? . . . .
Hear me, deaf, dumb, blind,
Compulsion that art God? I have no need
Of vindication more than Thou. Such right
Is thine as mine, is mine as thine, for ever!
I alone comprehend thee. Past all words
I reach to thee, and hold thee, and possess."

* 'Tiberius: A Drama.' By Francis Adams. With Introduction by W. M. Rossetti. 10s. 6d. (Unwin.)

There is a very modern spirit in the play, apart from its imperial-democratic sympathies. The gossip and slander of Roman society sound familiar and life-like. But some of the minor characters do little more than hint the parts they are meant to play. Sejanus is too elliptical, Caligula is a failure in an attempt at subtlety. The best is, perhaps, Electra, the little Greek singer whom the Emperor rescued from hardship and poverty, only to ruin her by the luxury and corruption of Rome. But Thrasyllus, though his part is but a slight one, brings in the most interesting contrast to and defence of Tiberius. He, the soothsayer and the Emperor's friend, had left him out of distaste for the battling life of cities and of politics. When he returns and finds the worn-out wreck, he feels remorse for his probably false idealism.

"He went to do the world's great work—to win
Justice and joy for pitiable men; and I,
I whom he loved, I left him all alone,
Heedful of nothing but a coward content.
And he has his reward—inexpiable
Suffering and scorn, and weariness and woe.

. . . . . .

And I, what have *I* found 'neath serene stars?
Nought but insane conceit, childish self-love—
Frenzied delusion and a sickened soul."

G-Y.

POEMS OR PROSE?*

After reading 'An Imaged World,' we feel sure Mr. Garnett could write poems and could write prose. There is a great deal that is sympathetic, a good many ideas that are beautiful, and a few that are very well expressed in the book. But, judging it with the strictness that its serious intention demands, it is neither good poetry nor good prose. The thing that Mr. Garnett has attempted is possible. There are magnificent poems, of course, in English prose, and we do not mean to repeat the cant that prose has no business to be poetical, or that poetry is bound to choose metrical expression. It is not because of any absolute disagreement between the inner spirit and the outer form that it is a failure. But Mr. Garnett has attempted to do one of the most difficult things in literature; he would possibly have found less real, if more apparent, difficulty in turning out on the same themes a book of passable lyrics. To do the thing indifferently—I fear I must even say, to do it as he has done it—is one of the easiest things in the world, granted, of course, a literary vocabulary, a fund of poetical ideas, and an appreciation of beauty. The free, undisciplined spirit of poetry has not, for reasons of harmony alone, chosen metre and rhythm for its most fitting dress. For all its apparent latitude, poetical expression is a great curb on licence, a great clarifier of ideas, and a sure test of the beauty and the reality of the material. A man feels an exaltation at the heart: he says he is a poet, and jots down his feelings in unmetrical ramblings. Would he know whether he is a poet in reality more than any of his neighbours who feel the spring in their blood, let him make his exaltation into a lyric. There are other tests, but there is no better one. Does the vision last long enough, is it strong enough, clear enough, to be handled, shaped, defined? And is it still beautiful; has it still light and sweetness? Then it is a reality to him, and he is a poet, and not a mere dreamer or borrower of other people's realities. The very licences of poetic form, its shorthand methods, its ellipses, are all part of the discipline and part of the test of the clearness of the vision. Prose, the most law-abiding prose, obedient to concords, orderly in its constructions, has no such curbs. Its traditions of lengthiness, its easy complacency, its acceptance of the banal and the dull, its lack of obligation to flash its matter on you in the light of the one inevitable word that will test the force and reality of the idea, are all temptations to which only the strongest do not succumb. In spite of a wide-spread idea to the contrary, it is not only easier, but much more frequent to write nonsense in prose than in verse. Well, Mr. Garnett's dreamings of the beauty and the mysterious charm and power of nature, and his nightmares of city streets and sights, and his visions of the beloved, are the raw material of a respectable amount of poetry. But he has never woke it up, sifted it, tested it. There are some very pretty passages we are content to call poems, but nine-tenths of the book, for lack of the stimulus, the selective and the vivifying force of metre, remain mere fine language. "Ecstasy! oh green and sun-kissed earth, oh dazzling firmament of boundless light, ecstasy thrills him whose ears are unstopped of daily cares by that pure song." There are scores of pages of that quality. Of the following, too few. "On the hill's shoulder the stormy light smoulders, an angry ember awaiting the night's coming. Tear the swart twilight, oh rushing white rain-storm, tear the edge of the fast-travelling night, and let my love through to me!"

One point of interest in the volume is the evidence it plainly bears of the influence of the older Celtic literature. But the Celtic nature rhapsodies have been translated into an English not swift enough, not pictorial enough.

The decorations of the book are monotonous, but Mr. Hyde's pictures are charming, and entirely in keeping with the loving delight in nature that has inspired Mr. Garnett to write these "poems in prose." G-Y.

* 'An Imaged World.' Poems in Prose. By Edward Garnett. With Five Drawings by William Hyde. (Dent.)

SOME IRISH NATIONAL BOOKS.*

Lord Beaconsfield once said that the way to give a successful supper party was never to ask anybody who had to be explained, and the advice is good for more important matters. The members of "The Irish Literary Society" of London and "The National Literary Society" of Dublin, and the other persons responsible for the present Irish literary movement, had done well to have taken it to heart and avoided anything so desperately in need of explanation as three out of the four books already published in this "New Irish Library." Their first volume, 'The Patriot Parliament,' was an historical tractate which, if modified a little, had done well among the transactions of a learned society, but it bored beyond measure the unfortunate persons who bought some thousands of copies in a few days, persuaded by the energy of the two societies, and deluded by the names of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy and Thomas Davis upon the cover. Pages upon pages of Acts of Parliament may be popular literature on the planet Neptune, or chillier Uranus, but our quick-blooded globe has altogether different needs. The admirable and picturesque book by Mr. O'Grady, which followed, did well, I understand, despite the vehement refusal of numbers of the peasantry to take anything from a series which had already beguiled them outrageously; but I cannot believe that the most skilful advertising, the most eloquent appeals to patriotism, the most energetic canvassing will make the Irish people read 'The New Spirit of the Nation' or 'The Parish Providence.'

'The New Spirit of the Nation' is a gleaning from the same fields from which the editors of 'The Spirit of the Nation' reaped their not too golden sheaves. If, however, one except three or four songs of excellent oratory by D'Arcy McGee, and an interesting fragment by Davis called "Mauryè Nangle," it contains nothing good which cannot be found with better company in several other collections. If one desire to possess "The Dark Rosaleen," or "O'Donovan's Daughter"—and this about exhausts the list of desirable things—one had best give nine pence for Mr. Sparling's 'Irish Minstrelsy.'

The editor of this series, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, should have given us a book which, while containing the best work of Callanan, Walsh, and Davis, and the other ballad makers, would have drawn more largely and carefully than Mr. Sparling's from the masters of Irish song—Ferguson, Mangan, Allingham, and De Vere—and, unlike his, have taken up whatever well-wrought fragments remain of Tom Moore's ruined house. Such a book would have won the enthusiastic admiration of every class in Ireland, and could have been put into the hands of a cultivated man of any country without need of explanation. But what educated person, even when you have explained its

* 'The New Spirit of the Nation.' Edited by Michael McDermott. The New Irish Library. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
'A Parish Providence.' By E. M. Lynch. The New Irish Library. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
'The Jacobite War.' Irish Home Library. (Seeley, Bryce, and Walker, Dublin.)

political value, its moral earnestness, its practical utility, can take pleasure in

"Come, Liberty, come! we are ripe for thy coming;
Come freshen the hearts where thy rival has trod;
Come, richest and rarest! come, purest and fairest,
Come, daughter of science! come, gift of the god!"

Such jigging doggrel—I regret I have no gentler word—is in its place upon a broadsheet, or in one of Cameron and Ferguson's little Irish song-books, but how can it do other than hinder a literary movement which must perish, or dwindle into insignificance if it do not draw into its net the educated classes? You may persuade the half-educated country clerk or farmer's son that "Come richest and rarest, come purest and fairest" is noble rhythm and shining poetry, but the wholly uneducated peasant of the mountains and the wholly educated professional man of the cities will have none of it, for the one has his beautiful Gaelic ballads and his tumultuous world-old legends, while the gleaming city of English literature flings wide its doors to the other.

The truth of the matter is that Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has let that old delusion, didacticism, get the better of his judgment, as Wordsworth did when he wrote the Ecclesiastical Sonnets, and has given us a library which, however pleasing it be to "the daughter of science, the gift of the god," is, if we except Mr. O'Grady's stories, little but a cause of blaspheming to mere mortals, who would gladly see the Irish reading classes discovering the legends and stories and poems of their own country, instead of following at a laborious distance the fashions of London.

To make it wholly clear that he has some other intention than to gather into one series the best works of the Irish writers of the past and present, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has made a book out of one of the poorest of Balzac's novels, not improved by having the French names turned into English ones; an introduction on agriculture and local industries forty pages long, and made up mostly out of a fifty-year-old article of his own, and an appendix full of quotations from a blue book. We might, it seems, have taken even a bad Balzac for that impracticable thing, "mere literature," and so must needs suffer the blue books and the agricultural information with what grace we may. Not that Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has compiled this queer piece of "Irish literature" altogether without wisdom; on the contrary, he has been careful to issue his wares as an innocent "country tale" by "E. M. Lynch," and suppresses upon cover and title-page alike all mention either of Balzac or of agriculture; they spring on you together in the introduction. He has been always, the fact is, an influence making for didacticism, rather than literature—for his great qualities are essentially practical. William Carleton, after a succession of masterpieces, contributed three stories to his "Library of Ireland," and in them departed from his own admirable manner, and, instead of creating new masterpieces of pity and humour, wrote three tracts against intemperance, sloth, and the secret societies, and never after quite got the beam out of his eyes. Yet it is no way clear why it should be held for righteousness in any man to overbalance the right proportions of nature and caricature humanity to make some commonplace moral shine out with artificial distinctness; or that a wiser age would do other than hold all such works for the creation of the Father of Lies.

The first volume of "The Irish Home Library," the Dublin rival to "The New Irish Library," is a good book of its kind, being an account of the war of William and James in Ireland by a man who was in the thick of it, but one has some doubt whether it be of a good kind to start a popular library. Surely one needs something more picturesque, more vivid, if one would catch the general taste. For instance, we have famous figures flitting about the pages—Sarsfield, Schomberg, William, James, Tirconnell—but not one is ever described or made live as a man before us. O'Kelly wrote for historians who had them already before their eyes, or for comrades who had seen them in the flesh, and did all needful for his purpose. Yet it is a good book, edited carefully by two excellent scholars—Father Hogan and Count Plunkett—and cannot be recommended too strongly to one already interested in the period of which it treats. It is, however, books which can create an interest where there is none which are needed for a series of this kind, and if any publisher would set Mr. O'Grady, Dr. Hyde, Miss Lawless, Miss Barlow, Dr. Todhunter, Mrs. Bryant, and Mrs. Hinkson, to the making of such books, he would probably prosper. W. B. YEATS.

MR. LE GALLIENNE'S PROSE FANCIES.*

Mr. Le Gallienne has a mission in life of a very honourable kind. A writer of delicate flavour, a rare lover of literature and beautiful things, an appreciator of all that genius has done in art, he wages war against the superior tone assumed by the literary and artistic cliques, or some of their members, towards outsiders, assails the old traditional claim of genius to be brutal, unmannerly, or cruel, and fights gallantly on the side of the amiable and the homely. It is a wholesome side for an artist to espouse, though it leads him in his righteous scorn of artistic conceit to say things as little true as this: "There is nothing in life so much exaggerated as the importance of art." [It has no importance at all save in the eyes of a few, unfortunately.] "If it were all wiped off the surface of the earth to-morrow, the world would scarcely miss it." [Alas! for the truth of this!] "We should lose Leonardo and Titian, Velasquez and Rembrandt, and a great host of modern precious persons, but the stars and the great trees, the noble sculptured hills, . . . would still be ours; and an almond-tree in flower would replace the National Gallery." No, it wouldn't; and these things are not fully ours, unless we are rare poets by nature, till art has revealed them. But his sentiment is all right at bottom, and we like the way he sticks up for the down-trodden Philistine, and laughs to scorn, just before pitying, the literary "genius" who sits absorbed at meals, "with an air of I cannot shake off the God," and then retires to give vent to his great mind "in a dissertation on 'Pegtops' for *The Boys' Own*, or 'The Noses of Great Men' for *Chambers' Journal*."

All his work in the volume is not good. Some of it is of an ephemeral nature, a little commonplace and short-sighted. And in his appreciation of the amiable and the pathetic in life he does sometimes approach within sight of the dangerous verge of the maudlin.

But, in compensation, there is a great deal of chivalry in Mr. Le Gallienne, a fine sense of justice for the affairs of every-day life, and much charity for all the despised of superior persons and moods. He likes bores no better than anyone else, but he can regard them humanly as merely irrelevant persons, "doubtless of much interest and charm in their proper context."

NOVEL NOTES.

RUDIN. By Ivan Turgenef. Translated by Constance Garnett. 3s. net. (Heinemann.)

Of all the enterprises noted on publishers' lists at the present time, we doubt if there is one of more genuine interest and value to literature than this uniform translation of Turgenef. He has not lacked a great reputation here, and yet only a few of his novels have been turned into English, and these indifferently. The German and French translations have been excellent, especially the latter, Turgenef himself being responsible for some of them, and it may be said that only those who have read him not in English can, save by the exercise of more than uncommon imagination, have any adequate idea of his artistic power and subtlety. Now all that is to be changed, judging from Mrs. Garnett's translation of the first volume of the new edition. With a keen sense of the general ludicrousness or, at least, superfluity of prefaces, we hasten to make an exception with regard to Mr. Stepniak's, and to look forward to those he means to write for the succeeding volumes. Turgenef needs commentary if we are to completely understand him. Our notions of modern Russian history and politics are of the vaguest, consisting mainly of some strong, crude views about the Czar and Nihilists and dynamite, while in reality the last half century in Russia has been an

* 'Prose Fancies.' By Richard Le Gallienne. With portrait of the author by R. Wilson Steer. (Mathews and Lane.)

epoch of the most complicated, contradictory character, and Turgenef was the painter of its finest shades while he lived to watch it. But though he wrote in exile, he did not write specially for outsiders, and Mr. Stepniak's commentary is a most valuable aid to the full appreciation of the novelist's work. Mr. Stepniak shows himself, too, and not for the first time, an admirable critic. The few sentences which he devotes to a comparison between Tolstoi and Turgenef are full of insight. He is awake to the greatness of both, and does not find in their great differences cause for depreciation of the methods of either. The sum of his criticism is that Tolstoi has great power to move great masses. Turgenef's influence is subtler, less evident. Tolstoi is one of the great personalities of the century; among its artists Turgenef has few equals. Later on in the series it will be time to speak at more length of the novels themselves which are, of course, known to many. To those who do not know 'Rudin,' a picture of the men of 1840 who had to talk because they could not act, it may be said that it is one of the most vitally interesting, and that the translator has not bungled in her interpretation of it.

POOR FOLK. By Fedor Dostoievsky. Translated by Lena Milman. Keynotes Series. 3s. 6d. (Mathews and Lane.)

More Russian fiction, and welcome also. And another preface, also welcome, for Mr. George Moore has put matter into it. Perhaps some commonplace dry facts about Dostoievsky's life, about his exile, and the effect it has had on his temperament and thence on his writing, might have been of service to the many to whom Russian literary history is not an open book. But we may be thankful enough for what we have got. 'Poor Folk' has, we believe, never been given in English before, though an excellent translation has existed in French for long. It is one of the most pathetic things in all literature, heart-rending just because its tragedy is so repressed. Never was there such a revelation of the tyranny of that poverty which only the narrowest line divides from starvation, a line the crossing of which yet means the loss of everything, without the gain of that light-heartedness that poverty often wears when it does not put on the livery of respectability. They are profoundly, almost unrelievedly sad, these letters of the little sensitive government *employé*, with his great love and his great temptation, to his Varvara. Few know like Dostoievsky how to knit sadness into their words. Such things had best be few in literature, and, as here, only attempted by supreme art. Will some translator now give us Dostoievsky's 'Idiot,' finer in some ways than his better known 'Crime and Punishment'?

CLOVE PINK. By Anna C. Steele. (Chapman and Hall.)

'Clove Pink' is a well-written and very sympathetic story. As one proof of its power, it may be mentioned that the authoress forces us all through to adopt her likes and dislikes, and they are of the keenest. Looking back, however, we are rather less convinced of her justice. Somehow the Linda she lets us know first out in South Africa is not the hard, vain, frivolously pious little horror we are bound to hate later on. And the commonplace young Walter, with the commonplace love triumphs behind him, is perhaps not quite likely to have been turned into a steadfast hero of perfect chivalry by the devotion of a child of sixteen. Then the knock on the head that lost him his memory for a while is too well-used a trick. There ends hostile criticism. It is a pretty love story, and a wholesome one. Diantha, otherwise "Clove Pink," is a charming heroine, only a little too precocious. Girls, we think, the more intelligent of them, are less precocious nowadays; at least the precocity of those who, like Diantha, "mean to be great some day," doesn't run in the direction of lovers so easily. But Mrs. Steele perhaps knows better. She writes with much sympathy, and with a deep understanding of human nature, and of young human nature. There is a conversation between a young niece and an elderly aunt that all relatives of young people would do well to read. The girl has withheld an important confidence, and is reproached for it, but looking back on all the petty discouragements she has received, she says, "If one can't tell the little things that happen, how can one tell the great?" And there is one other conversation which some women of morbid interests might read with profit, for it contains a wholesome criticism. It begins, "You good women are in too great a hurry to suspect evil; . . . as a sex, your minds don't get out-of-door exercise enough."

RELICS. By Frances Macnab. 6s. (Heinemann.)

A little old maid, with a love story behind her, of course, inherits some land, some ancient gowns, and other relics, and sets her hope on seeing these cared for and reverenced in the time to come by her young friend, Richard Bedengar and the wife he will choose. The passion for relics with her goes deep, extending to old loves, as well as including a close affection for the soil, a belief in the benefits of manual labour, a mistrust of the new, both in manners and machinery. She is an attractive little spinster, and her talk, mostly to herself, of which the novel is mainly made up, is gentle, thoughtful, original, and far removed from gossipy commonplace. The thread of story is less amusing. Richard, who has little talent for falling in love, does so, nevertheless, with the lively, coquettish Agatha Sylvestre, but Agatha at a fancy-ball accepts Lord Cottonmills, and almost on the instant is struck blind by lightning. Cottonmills fears a blind woman will make but a poor society wife for a brand new peer, and so the chivalrous Richard has his own again. Then the spinster's old lover comes back, with most satisfactory explanations, and the little old maid blossoms into Lady Henzell. There is some excellent character drawing in the book, especially in the mysterious Mr. Fellissima and the energetic and disagreeable Mrs. Smeeby. One is led to expect many interesting records of country life from the writer of 'Relics.'

IN DIREST PERIL. By D. Christie Murray. 3 vols. (Chatto.)

There is one thing wanting in this story which we are accustomed to look for in Mr. Christie Murray's books. He nearly always contrives in his tales of incident and adventure to interest us as keenly in characters as he does in actions; motive, design, temperament, play leading parts in his plots. Here it is not so. 'In Direst Peril' is a story of incident, and nothing more; a good story, well-hung together, romantic, apt to engage a reader's sympathies, but without the special interest of, say, 'A Wasted Crime,' to go no further back than a very recent production of the same writer. Of course, the personages are roughly marked off from each other; the hero is good, straightforward, modest, and lacking in social graces; Brunow is an elegant, hollow-hearted villain; the Baroness is a spy, which already describes her, and Violet has all the vague graces of a well-brought up and beautiful young woman, not omitting, of course, the traditional kind of patriotism, which it is a common convention to attribute to women, loving a country's cause for the sake of a man who serves it. But if Mr. Christie Murray was in too great a hurry to put much fine work of design into his tale, he has put into the mouth of his soldier hero a story of great spirit and interest, which includes the rescue of an Italian patriot from an Austrian fortress, the rallying of the friends of Italy in London, plotting, counter-plotting, and the defeat of treachery, which defeat was mainly brought about by the theft by an honourable man of forty thousand pounds. This last suggestion should whet a novel-reader's curiosity.

THE MERCHANT OF KILLOGUE. By Edmund Downey. 3 vols. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Downey, well known for his 'Through Green Glasses,' has in 'The Merchant of Killogue' written an interesting and a very unsatisfactory novel. As a faithful picture of Irish political life a little after the suppression of the Fenian movement, it has value; and there are some portraits and scenes in it conscientiously, if not powerfully, drawn, that inform our minds if they do not impress our imaginations. Probably its purpose has wrecked it, if its purpose was to exhibit a subtle study of a self-seeking man of vulgar nature, with streaks in him of something better, and with awakenings late in life of uncertainty about the absolute right of his past conduct. We know him in the beginning as worldly, grasping, and tyrannical. In the end we do not know him at all, nor are we quite sure why he should have been very different from his beginnings. This attempt at subtlety has ruined the story, which ends in a fizzle. There are a few excellent chapters in it, with some vivid descriptions of political excitement, combining picturesqueness with a fairness all round. The characters

are individual characters, not types, and taken together, they give almost a complete view of Irish life in a little country town twenty years ago, of its fanaticism, its idealism, its worldliness. But though the matter put into it is excellent, it is not only an over subtle purpose that has wrecked it. The peculiarly flat, commonplace, and unattractive style in which the most of it is written hardly leaves the narrative, in its quieter parts, a chance of interesting us.

A BANISHED BEAUTY. By John Bickerdyke. (Blackwood.)

This poaches on Mr. William Black's preserves, for its scene is laid in the Lewis. None the less it is a bright little story, where fishing and shooting are duly interspersed with the flirtations of two charming young ladies and of a middle-aged spinster, all three of whom get married, and with the villainies of an Irish land-leaguer, whilst the comic element is supplied by a speculator of the Jabez Balfour kind, and by two typical Cockney sportsmen. Mr. Bickerdyke evidently is familiar with the country he describes; still, no Scotchman, Highland or Lowland, ever spoke of a "marchine" (*i.e.* vehicle), and "lar" for *law* is equally unfortunate. "Once in the hands of the police, Miss Lismore would be safe," is one instance of several misrelated clauses; and on p. 93 is a suggestion that Egypt is not in Africa. That is all our little fault-finding with 'A Banished Beauty,' which may be safely recommended to every lover of sport, the Highlands, or a clever story.

A JUNE ROMANCE. By Norman Gale. New Edition. 2s. 6d. net. (George Over, Rugby.)

'A June Romance' is a pretty enough love story, but it does not convince us Mr. Gale's place is among the novel-writers. The best things in it are scraps of verse. The hero of the story, a tutor, and of course a poet, is a lucky young man. Never did any tutor light on so amiable a household. The pupil is amiable, so are his mother and his father, and as for his sister, well, the tutor falls in love with her, and wins her with the willing blessing of her parents and one of his rivals; the other rival proved nasty, and deserved a horse-whipping, which some readers would rather have heard of than the extreme restraint and virtue of the hero. Each day in June with its hopes and bliss—there are few despairs—is chronicled, and the entry on June 30th is rhapsody. He sings of his love from the time he hasn't seen her—she comes in sight on the 3rd—till the climax of his happiness, and as we have said, his songs are better than his prose. This very smooth course of true love, with its tennis and tricycling and comfortable domestic surroundings, is comforting to hear of, of course, but it is a trifle smug.

THE SCORPION. By E. A. Vizetelly. (Chatto and Windus.)

'The Scorpion' is an adventure story of a very old type. The heroes and heroines are vividly presented in their physical aspect, and they are always given enough to do, fighting, and riding, and hiding, and plotting, and loving in deadly earnest. But as for their characters—well, they have labels hung round their necks with adjectives writ large thereon, so that you may know the part they are expected to play. Not a very large stock of adjectives, either—good, bad, strong, weak, trusty, treacherous, hot, and cold, mostly serve. The hero is always brave and chivalrous, the heroine always loving. The narrative has to be more than commonly good before we are satisfied with these conventionalised characters in an age when we look to fiction to provide our psychology; and when it is good we give up the psychology more than willingly. But to Mr. Vizetelly's narrative unqualified praise cannot be given. It is not glowing enough or vivacious enough to make us indifferent to the puppet-like creatures he sets off on adventures. And it is all remarkably solemn. Seriousness, of course, is not unfitting in this grim story of the Society of the Black Hand, forerunner of the Anarchist movement in Spain to-day But the effect of the plotting and treachery, kidnapping, murder, might have been intensified had there been something to lighten it other than the rather sugary love-story of Oliver and Lola. Lola, by the bye, is made into a picture by Mr. Vizetelly, and forms the frontispiece. One is interested in the matter of the story, but the narrative drags. Its author's translations led one to believe the literary side of his original work would have been better. Some surprisingly vile bits of journalese occur here and there.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

A LONDON ROSE, and other Rhymes. By Ernest Rhys. 5s. net. (Mathews and Lane.)

Not often in books styled so indiscriminately, and often so insolently, "minor verse," are found such differences of quality as in this one. There are things here, though the volume's bulk is small, that are not worth the trouble of setting in type, so trifling are they. And there are some others that entitle Mr. Rhys to a very honourable place among verse-makers. He is a Welshman, and he writes most willingly of Welsh themes, and apparently amid Welsh scenes. "The Wedding of Pale Bronwen" and "The House of Hendra" are two ballads of real beauty and charm. The second tells of Brechva the bard's harping about a vision he saw in the house of Hendra, of "a circle of Shadows in a solemn dance of Death," those

> "Who of old-time lived to know here
> Life's great sweetness in this house."

The shadows withdrew, but the air was filled with harping noises, and his heart's vision, "three times fine, saw the seventh heaven of heroes," where dwell Arthur and Merlin and all the bards. And a seat was set for him, and his name already inscribed. So he sings,

> "Know then, O ye men of Ivor,
> How elate
> To his death at last goes Brechva,
> When he fares from out your gate!"

For the bards and golden Merlin will harp him to his peace. An English song is next best, "London Feast." The poet sees the endless, endless crowds of country herdsmen, dalesmen, lads and maidens treading the same road, all with the same word on their lips, "We go to taste of London Feast." It is all in vain he cries:

> "Too late, dear children of the sun;
> For London Feast is past and gone!
> I sat it out, and now released
> Make westward from its weary gate.
> Fools and unwise, you are too late.
> *You cannot taste*
> *Of London Feast.*"

Mr. Rhys has earned a good welcome for his next volume.

WALTON AND THE EARLIER FISHING WRITERS. By R. B. Marston. "Book-lovers' Library." (Stock.)

Anglers should know this little volume; and it has, too, an interest for book collectors. It will amuse and occasionally interest other readers. Mr. Marston is an enthusiast, and he knows the literature of angling. He has been making copious notes for years about Dame Juliana Berners, and Dennys, and Gervase Markham, and Walton, and now he has poured them pell-mell into these pages, careful that nothing should fall out. We could have spared a good many of the quotations revealing what Lowell and the *American Review* and Professor Henry Morley thought of Walton, but they were in Mr. Marston's note-book, and so they are here. The book is something of a muddle, and it certainly cannot be read straight through, but it can be dipped into with pleasure on the banks of a stream when the fish don't bite, and at home it may serve as a guide to and appetizer for the famous old books which it dwells on with real love.

CHURCH FOLK LORE. By the Rev. J. E. Vaux. 10s. 6d. (Griffith and Farran.)

When Mr. Vaux publishes another edition, we hope he will improve his index, or rather add an index of places. Half the value of a book of this kind is lost if you have to grope your way to what you want in it. The book is full of interesting matter, not all folk-lore, perhaps; at least not folk-lore as strictly understood. From church inscriptions, antiquarian records, and lingering customs, he has gathered a great many quaint, picturesque, and amusing stories, pictures, and traditions. He has not gone over the whole field, of course, but he has proved how rich England is still in picturesque survivals; how, for instance, the dice-throwing for Bibles at St. Ives (Hunts), the "Flapping the

Church" at Otteringham, "Clipping the Church" at Bradford-on-Avon can be paralleled by equally strange customs in scores of other places.

Into the chapters on Marriage and Funeral Customs, on Holy Days and Seasons, a great deal of research has been put, and, though that on Church Music has recently been the subject of more thorough examination, it contains snatches of old forgotten carols one is glad to be reminded of. The Cornish one ending thus is little heard now:—

"Twelve were the twelve Apostles;
Eleven are they that have gone to Heaven;
Ten are the Ten Commandments,"

and so on till

"Four were the gospel preachers;
Three of them were strangers;
Two of them were lily-white babes;
Dressed all in green, O;
One of them was all alone,
And ever shall remain so."

It is a pity Mr. Vaux should not have forgotten, for the moment, everything save that he was an antiquarian, and that an antiquarian should regard nothing old as alien to his mood. He is a little too fond of dubbing customs he does not agree with "objectionable" and "abominable." But his opinions have not stood in the way of his compiling a very interesting book, which will be welcomed beyond the circle of the churchmen for whom he intended it.

ADRIATICA. By Percy Pinkerton. 5s. net. (Gay and Bird.)

Mr. Percy Pinkerton does not know the difference between his good and bad moments, and he wants humour. He has written very pretty verses—their prettiness cannot be denied—called "To Corinna"—the address of a lover, who foresees death, to his lady. It is altogether in the wrong tone, for, save for a vague mention of her "sweet name," the lady is indistinguishable in it, while the lover plays a gorgeous part. He is to "look forth from Hesperus, white in the lurid west," and to "lean with the lilacs odorous in twilight to her breast." Likewise he is to be "apparelled in the morning sky," and "masked in the myrtle's green." This is all very doubtful, but his vision of his admirable self at the end hits the truth. He is to glide

"At intervals supreme
Like moonlight through your dream,
Tranquil, elusive, satisfied."

Of course, such a lover would be "satisfied." There are pleasant pictures of Venice in the book, and lines here and there suggest how near Mr. Pinkerton comes to writing passable lyrics. But the thought is not good enough in quality. A poem of the late Mr. J. A. Symonds, in response to one from Mr. Pinkerton, is included in "Adriatica," but it does not materially raise the level of the collection.

SHYLOCK AND OTHERS. Eight studies. By G. H. Radford. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

These are essays of a lover of good literature and a thoughtful man. But, as if apologising to the many who do not very much care for his most serious interests, he puts on a jaunty air and cuts jokes by way of making his conversation palatable. Modesty in the guise of flippancy is not an unfrequent sight, and is preferable, of course, to stolid solemnity, but it is not the only possible alternative. His jokes are not so good as his serious criticism. The sketch of the career of Shylock had he lived to-day, for example, "baptised by a distinguished ecclesiastic who knows there is Eternal Hope for Jews, if not for publishers, married to a Dowager Countess interested in the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews," and so on, seems rather cheap. The taint of evening-paper wit is in all the essays. But "Robin Hood," "Hamlet's Madness," and "Socrates on Politics" are very readable, and leave us with an impression of talking with one who loves common sense and very cordially detests cant and long-windedness both in literature and life.

DRAMATIC PICTURES. By Alexander H. Japp. 5s. (Chatto and Windus.)

The best part of Dr. Japp's verse is not poetry. It is sometimes the quick observation of nature; sometimes it is the keen interest in human beings; sometimes it is self-revelation of an amiably garrulous order. These, by some fatality, are never transmuted into poetry. His poetic vein is hardly fastidious enough, and hardly forcible enough. Yet read his "Rispetti," on Songs of the Birds, and his translations from Petrarch, and you will see that he has much to say that suggests beauty, if what he says be not beauty itself.

THE POEMS OF RICHARD D'ALTON WILLIAMS. (Duffy.)

Williams was "Shamrock" of the *Nation*, and one of the most notable of the "Young Ireland" reformers and singers. A sufferer in the troublous times of the later "forties"—he was tried for treason felony on account of articles contributed to the *Irish Tribune*, but discharged—and keenly alive to the miseries of his country and the hopelessness of serving it actively at that moment, he left Ireland in 1851 for America, where he lived and practised as a doctor till his death in 1862. A man of great public spirit, devotion and charity, his is one of the most attractive personalities of the "Young Ireland" epoch. His verses had spirit and vigour, and they served their purpose in their day. To rescue them from oblivion is not only to perform a pious deed; they have a historical interest and significance. But he was not among the poets of the time. With as much earnestness and greater facility in verse-making, he wanted the spark that was in Davis and in O'Hagan.

THE YELLOW BOOK. An Illustrated Quarterly. Vol. II. (Mathews and Lane.)

That the *Yellow Book* does not mean to represent any special school is the promising feature revealed by the second volume. It still has its weak points, the most evident being the quality of the general articles, always excepting Mr. Greenwood's amiable and charming "Gospel of Content"—the thin streak of story in it hardly permitting its classification with the fiction. Mr. Greenwood is not in eager sympathy with all the tendencies of the age, but that does not make him gloomy and morose. His dream of a time when many present evils will be cured by a cheerful delight in simple living, is presented with a lively faith in the possibility of its realisation. Next in interest, first in artistic excellence, is Mr. Henry James's story, "The Coxon Fund,"—subtle, fine spun, exquisite in parts. It is just a little fatiguing, all the same, to follow its nervous attempt to get at the absolute truth about a man who was to the believing vulgar a great inspiration and to the unbelieving vulgar a huge fraud. It represents conscientiousness and intellectual interest striving passionately for the precision and impartiality of science. Mr. Harland's "A Responsibility"—a clever study of a contest between a perfectly realised duty and a flippant perversity of the will—is in the same temper. Of the poems, Mr. Alfred Hayes' "My Study," is the most sympathetic. It is proof enough of his right—and long may it be his right!—to say,

"A soul unhardened is the book
Wherein I write."

CHILDREN'S SINGING GAMES. Collected and Edited by Alice B. Gomme. 3s. 6d. (Nutt.)

Mrs. Gomme, after pouring out much learning on this subject in the Dictionary of Folk-Lore, has had the happy thought of making a children's play-book out of some of the most picturesque of her material. She has been admirably helped by Miss Winifred Smith, the illustrator, whose designs in black and white are witty, pretty, and effective. Mrs. Gomme throws a sop to the elders in the shape of a preface and a few notes, but the songs and the tunes and the pictures are for children, and a prettier book has not been made for them for many a day. They are promised another at Christmas time. Yet, by-the-bye, Mrs. Gomme is among the latter-day cynics. In a version of one of the songs, a line, given only in the notes, runs, "When my husband died, how happy was I!" The commentator thinks this a proof that the "game has not stopped its growth, but represents present-day feeling."

SONGS FROM DREAMLAND. By May Kendall. (Longmans.)

Miss May Kendall's verse is genuine. We are conscious of giving rare praise. It knows the height it can sincerely

soar to, and aims its flight accordingly. There are a few dreams scattered about the collection, but the verses are mostly wide-awake, and the best are mainly practical in tone. The "Songs of the City," such as "The Ballad of the Flag Painter," "The Captain's [Salvation Army] Dream," and "Underground," show a fine, straightforward sympathy with ordinary strenuous, everyday kind of living, and perhaps they are better than the songs about things nearer the dreamland region. Yet the sentiment in these is pretty, also, and true, and musically expressed. "Ave" will serve for an instance.

"If I had only heaven, where you
Might abide,
I would give you meadows to wander through
Green and wide,
Flush of sunset, and hill and moor,
The great sea
Breaking on some beloved shore
Timelessly.

. . . . . .

Where's the power to fulfil the plan?
Not in me.
Yet if God love as mortals can,
This may be!"

THE SAVOY OPERA AND THE SAVOYARDS. By Percy Fitzgerald. (Chatto and Windus.)

As a souvenir of many hours spent with the Pirates, Bunthorne, the Ruler of the Queen's Navee, and the Mikado, Mr. Fitzgerald's book is all it need be. It gives the castes, reminds you of snatches of the songs, recalls the public reception of the operas, and gives some pictures of the actors and scenes. But this might have been done with less trouble and elaboration. The criticism is lengthier than it need be, and the talk on stage matters, which fills up a good portion of the book, is sometimes rather trite and sometimes of a kind only of interest to those in the profession. The most readable chapter is that on the natural history of "The Entertainer," a kind of actor who had a considerable influence on the Savoy opera.

A PRACTICAL HANDBOOK OF DRAWING FOR MODERN METHODS OF REPRODUCTION. By C. G. Harper. (Chapman and Hall.)

A book of this kind was much wanted. Never was so much good and so much vile technique supplied in proportion to the total product. The good will prevail, perhaps, but the bad is tenacious, and ever throwing out shoots in new directions. And the average person, and the young student, too, are much in the dark about principles. Mr. Harper knows what he is about, and, generally speaking, his views, advice, and examples, are sound. It is a practical book, discussing pens, paper, inks, and so on, as well as stating principles, and criticising the various illustrators of the day. As for the criticism, it is of the sledge-hammer order, and a trifle schoolboyish in its scorn and its praise. But at least it does not repeat cant, and it looks the "somebodies" straight in the face, which is wholesome.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

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The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

A. A. L.—You have some wit. The first example of it is rather lengthy and laborious, however. The cheerful philosophy of No. 2 is so winning that it disarms criticism as to the metre. I should think a boy's paper might harbour these or others like them, but I'd advise a little mending of the metre before submitting them to an editor.

A. G.—Fair. I don't think the description is very vivid, and though shortness is a virtue, as a rule, you have hardly given yourself space enough to do justice to your subject. I don't know what you could do with this. It might serve as an incident in a longer chapter of Indian life.

A. R. O. S.—Is it a Japanese legend or an invention? In either case, there is a want of convincingness about it that children would feel at once. The centipede is symbolical, I suppose. But then the rest of the symbolism doesn't seem complete. Why hairpins? English children would be sure to enquire. And if an invention, the boy might have been given something to conquer on the mountain, by way of enlivening his adventure, if only a jealous vassal centipede. Try to get it accepted by a children's magazine. I shall be glad to be proved wrong.

Eta.—Middling. One can see you have ambition, which is so far good. But the verses are rather an aspiration than a fulfilment. There is considerable dignity in the language, however.

F. G. B.—Is it comic? What is the meaning of the reckless fifth line? What danseuse would go through a minuet or a "German valse" all by herself? The third line from the end is also quite incomprehensible. I can't even guess the mood in which the thing was written.

Greatheart.—A very well-written story for your years. Criticism is not of much use. The detail needs it little, and the best criticism of its general strength will be your own a few years later. I seem to have read it before; the subject and the setting, too, are very favourite ones with dreamy young people.

H. R. M.—The matter is good enough for a popular story of the ghastly order. I am not sure whether you should give a name to your conjectures on the cause of F.'s disappearance, as you do on the last page. In one way the story is not quite so good as last. It is written in very colloquial English. Keep the colloquialisms for the dialogue. Its length and its kind might recommend it to an editor of a popular paper that accepts short stories, if you were to revise it a little.

J. C. F.—Spoilt by some very commonplace lines—such as "The wind is blatant overhead," and "It seems so long, dear, since you spoke." The rest is passable. I don't think you will get this inserted in a magazine.

Armyn Kells.—Very amiable, but don't think of publishing for years yet. Your writing is very crude. Your spelling is bold, but not correct (*e.g.* portmantoe), the style full of Scotticisms, and the matter not very valuable. When you have lived and thought and read a good deal more, you may have something interesting to write—or you may express yourself in some other way. I don't even advise much exercise in writing yet. Reading would be better training.

Kismet.—Your success is very satisfactory. The story in type is a distinct advance in some ways. The dialect is occasionally weak. At least, you mix with the dialect some words not very likely to be used by the speakers. I think you have found your best field, however, in the interpretation of humble country life.

Alan Mar.—Such a thing is hardly worth doing, unless with genuine wit. Your alternatives were an altogether humorous skit—in verse, if you like—or a serious consideration of the question in prose. You have done neither.

Maysel.—Good, especially after the first two or three pages. The introduction is a little stiff. Send it to a popular magazine, of the family order.

R.—No. 1 is pretty. No. 2 is more commonplace, and the attempt to rhyme "whitened" and "ripened" looks rather unpromising. No. 3 is not convincing, and its form needs looking to. The arrangement of rhymes is bad. Leave it unrhymed rather than in its present condition. But the verses are not commonplace at all.

Tangred Tancred.—There is a good deal of merit in this story. It is quite worth while improving. I think its main fault is that it seems to blame the woman unduly. At the beginning you are left in doubt how H.'s lack of experience affects her. To send him out into the world to test him, to put grit in him, and give him a chance of forming opinions and gaining practical knowledge, was not an incitement to wickedness, and only a coward would have disowned his responsibility and reproached her. If she meant him to gain experience of the kind he sought, you should treat her from the beginning as wicked. The story told a little more fully might be effective, but I don't think you could do much with it, unless you plainly show (1) how his inexperience manifested itself—in light-headedness, say, which afterwards turned to moral weakness—and (2) her lack of discretion and inability to read character.

Thalassa.—Good material in it. The descriptions are, in the main, fresh and apt, but the whole paper has not a literary tone. It is a trifle flat, in spite of the observation of, and the enthusiasm for, beautiful things it shows. Still, it is better in reality than much writing more brilliant on the surface. There is promise in it. Unless you have claims on some privately circulated journal, I cannot suggest where it would have a chance of acceptance.

Woodcarver.—On the contrary, I have read both letter and poems through with interest. But I think you are on a wrong tack altogether. If you want to do anything in verse, get rid of your scorn of those who demand something like perfection of form. Common sense and philosophy are excellent things to aim at, but they will be none the worse for being forced to express themselves clearly, or musically. If you compelled yourself to make good rhymes and good metres, and to use apt words, your thinking would be much clearer. Two exercises I should suggest—one to turn some of your verses into good straightforward prose, to test their meaning plainly; another, to see what you can make of them in really carefully made verse. Don't imagine that if you fail in either that it is merely for lack of literary skill. It is far more likely for lack of what you have more respect for, of good thought and of a clear conception of what you mean to

say. It is the greatest mistake in the world to despise form. Since you have chosen verse as your medium, respect it, and obey its laws, or make new ones which shall convince the world they are good. The circumstances related in your letter are interesting.

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SOUTHAM, A. D.—From Manuscript to Bookstall .....Southam

[*Designed to give book writers an idea of the cost of producing books, and of the various methods of publishing. It strikes us as likely to be useful, as it deals with numbers, and figures, and facts, and sets these down clearly.*]

SPYER, T. G.—The Labour Question, Epitome of Evidence and Report of Royal Commission on Labour, 2/6 Sonnenschein

TEE, E.—The Every-Day Life, a Book for Young Women and Girls, 2/- net.....Bell

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SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between June 15th and July 15th, 1894:—

LONDON, W.C.

1. Autobiography of a Boy. By G. S. Street. 3s. 6d. net. (Elkin, Mathews.)
2. Marcella. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith Elder.)
3. Yellow Book. Vol 2. 5s. net. (Elkin, Mathews.)
4. Letters to a Friend. By John Ruskin. 4s. net. (Geo. Allen.)
5. Pearson's National Life and Character. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)
6. An Imaged World. Illustrated. By Edward Garnett. 5s. net. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

LONDON, E.C.

1. Drummond: Ascent of Man. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder.)
2. Tolstoi: Boyhood. 1s. (Stock.)
3. Ruskin: Sesame and Lilies. 2s. 6d. net. (Allen.)
4. Moule: Romans 7s. 6d. (Hodder.)
5. Yachting: Badminton. 21s. (Longman.)
6. Kidd: Social Evolution. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

MANCHESTER.

1. Drummond's Ascent of Man.
2. Hardy's Tess. 6s.
3. " Little Ironies.
4. Ward's Marcella.
5. Moore's Esther Waters.
6. Kidd's Social Evolution.

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Mrs. Humphry Ward: Marcella.
2. Drummond: The Ascent of Man.
3. Austin: The Garden that I Love.
4. Ruskin: Letters to a College Friend.
5. Huxley's Works. Collected Edition.
6. Weyman: A Gentleman of France.

BRADFORD.

1. Prose Fancies. Le Gallienne. 5s. nett. (Mathews & Lane.)
2. The Cartoons of St. Mark. Horton. 5s. (J. Clarke & Co.)
3. Ascent of Man. Drummond. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
4. Evolution of Modern Capitalism. Hobson. 3s. 6d. (Scott.)
5. Marcella. Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)
6. The Country. All vols. 1s. (Bliss, Sands, & Foster.)

SUNDERLAND.

1. Marcella. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s.
2. Miss Mackerell Skye. By H. S. Squance. (Unwin.)
3. A Superfluous Woman. 6s. (Heinemann.)
4. Border Waverley. Various volumes. (Nimmo.)
5. Sesame and Lilies. By Ruskin. Cheap edition.
6. Yellow Backs, etc., for holiday reading.

BURNLEY

1. Drummond's Ascent of Man. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder.)
2. Ward's Marcella. 6s. (S. Elder.)
3. Heavenly Twins. 6s. (Heinemann.)
4. Yellow Aster. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
5. Esther Waters. 6s. (W. Scott.)
6. Fry's Guide to London, 1894. 1s. (W. H. Allen & Co.)

The book trade here is almost at a standstill for the present, everybody being holiday making.

EDINBURGH.

1. The Historical Geography of the Holy Land. By George Adam Smith, D.D. 15s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. Mountain, Moor, and Loch. A Guide to the West Highland Railway. 2s. (Sir Joseph Causton.)
3. Anne of Geirstein. 2 vols. Border edition. 12s. (J. C. Nimmo.)
4. Marcella. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Cheap edition, 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)
5. The Yellow Book. Vol. 2. 5s. net. (Elkin, Mathews & Co.)

GLASGOW.

1. In Varying Moods. By Beatrice Harraden. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
2. Ships that Pass in the Night. By Beatrice Harraden. 3s. 6d. (Lawrence & Bullen.)
3. Life of the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P. By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P. New edition. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
4. Life of St. Francis of Assisi. By Paul Sabatier. 9s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
5. The Jungle Book. By Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
6. The Ascent of Man. By Prof. Drummond. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Newspapers and illustrated periodicals bought at the railway bookstalls make up most of the literature bought in Glasgow in July.

ABERDEEN.

1. James Inwick, Ploughman and Elder. By P. Hay Hunter. 3s. 6d.
2. Anne of Geirstein. Border edition, Waverley. 2 vols., each 6s.
3. Royal Academy Pictures. 1894, cl. 7s. 6d.
4. Temple Shakspere, vols. 1 to 5. 1s. each. net.
5. Natural History of the Christian Religion. By Dr. Mackintosh. 10s. 6d. net.

DUBLIN.

1. The Storyof Dan. M. E. Francis. 3s. 6d. (Osgood.)
2. Thus Shalt Thou Live. By Fr. Kneipp. 6s. (H. Grevel & Co.)
3. Speeches from the Dock. 2s. (Gill & Son.)
4. The Story of Ireland. By A. M. Sullivan. 2s. 6d. (Gill & Son.)
5. Spiritual Retreats. By Rev. J. Morris. 5s. (Urbo Book Co.)
6. The Woman in White. 6d. (Chatto.)

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

TRADE NOTES.

LIVERPOOL.

Trade here has slightly improved this month, and although regular buyers are principally absent holiday-making, compensation is made by the advent of the Yankee, who is a generous buyer.

Good sale for sets of Novelists and Essayists, Theology, Fiction, and Science. Business, on the whole, brighter.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Trade here is very quiet, as usual at this time of the year. The books chiefly in demand are Marcella, Jungle Book, Ascent of Man, Yachting, and Guide-books.

BRADFORD.

Book trade very quiet. New novels sell fairly well. General trade in Bradford improving, therefore book trade may brighten shortly.

IPSWICH.

The partnership between Messrs. Pawsey and Hayes, booksellers, of the Ancient House, Butter Market, Ipswich, has been dissolved. The business will be continued by Mr. Frederick Pawsey.

CAMBRIDGE.

One of the most interesting events in the book world here recently was the delivery of the Rede Lecture by Mr. J. W. Clark, Registrar of the University, on "The Position, Arrangement, and Fittings of Libraries during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, with special notes on the system of chaining books."

BOOKS WANTED.

Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

J. S. AMOORE, 28, HIGH ST., WIMBLEDON COMMON.

Bartlett's History of Wimbledon.
Alice Through Looking-glass, 6s edition.
Blue Fairy Book, 1st edition.
Sir R. Peel's Letters, second-hand.

APEL'S LIBRARY, HASTINGS.

Cooper's Winchelsea.
Holloway's Rye.

EDWARD BAKER, 14 and 16, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Semi-Saxon Legend, Abbotsford Club, 1841.
Freemasonry, any Constitution before 1820.
" Ahiman Rezon before 1800.
" Any Old Pamphlets.
Moore: Alps in 1864, £5 offered.
Lytton's Novels, Edit. de luxe, £7 10s. offered.
Flowers and their Unbidden Guests
Bryan's Painters, Bell and Sons, 1886.
Speed's Theatre, 1611 or later edition.
Bradshaw's Railway Guides, paper covers; any of the first 10 issued, 21s. each offered.

READ BARRETT, IPSWICH.

Cox's Bird's Nest, etc.
" Pilgrim Psalms.
Rheim's First Practical Lines in Geometrical Drawing, 1865.
Hodgkin's Italy and her Invaders, 6 vols.
Spencer's Biology, vol. 1, part 9, vol. 2.
Pipe Roll Series, ed. Hunter, 1833.

THOMAS CARVER, 6, HIGH ST., HEREFORD.

Lang's Ballads and Lyrics of France, Helen of Troy, Oxford, Homer's Iliad, Ballads and Verses Vain (N.Y., 1884), Letters to dead authors, Cinderella, Whittington, Jack Giant Killer, Red Ridinghood, Princess on Glasshill, Sleeping Beauty, Gideon, Prince Darling, Anlossin and Nicolette. All 1st editions.

ALFRED COOPER, 68, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

Lewis' Tales of Terror.
Art Magic.
Occult Books, any.
Sanday's Fourth Gospel, 1872.
Comic Almanack, 1842, 1847, 1852, 1853.
Emerson's Poems, 1847.
Lapraik (John) Poems, 1788.
Sillar (David) Poems, 1789.
Little (Janet) Poems, 1792.
Songs of the Holy Land, 1848.
Rochester's Poems, 1756.
Meredith (Geo.) Poems, 1851.
Wharton's Sappho.

Bon Ton Magazine, 1791-93.
Dramatic Magazine, 1829-31.
Lady Lennox's Life, 1835.
Alken's Ideas, 42 coloured plates.
" Notions, 36 coloured plates.
" Life of a Racehorse, 1848.
Leech's Etchings and Sketchings, 1835.
" Droll Sayings, etc., 1835.
Lamb's Last Essays of Elia, 1833.
Dibdin, Bibliotheca Spenceriana.
Tooke's History of Prices, 1793-1856.
Symond's Renaissance in Italy.
Covent Garden Magazine, 1772-73.
Deer-stalking, Works on.
Falconry, anything relating to.
Goldsmith, The Traveller, 1770.
" Deserted Village, 1770.
Roxburghe Club Publications.

H. DOOLEY, STOCKPORT.
Murphy's Art of Weaving.
Whymper's Scrambles in the Alps.
Moore's Alps ins. 1864.

ANDREW ELLIOT, 17, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.
Galt's Novels, original edition.
The Eagle's Nest. By Alfred Wills.
Hammond's Ancient Liturgies. (Clarendon Press.)

GEORGE GREGORY, BATH.
Army Lists, 1759, 1762, 1764, and 1814.
Phœdri Fabulæ, ed. Thicknesse.
Any old books about Wilton Gardens (Earl of Pembroke's.)
Motley's United Netherlands, vols. 3 and 4.
Jesse's Court of the Stuarts, vols. 3 and 4.
Baker's Northamptonshire.

JOHN GUTHRIE, 105, ALEXANDRA PARADE, GLASGOW.
Bushnell's Nature and the Supernatural.
Martineau's Studies of Christianity.
Fairbairn's Christ in Modern Theology.
De Quincey's Works.
Mozley's Parochial Sermons.

HARRISON & SONS, 59, PALL MALL, S.W.
Ency. Brit., 9th ed., cloth.
Clarke's Franco-German War, section 8.
Greenwood's Our Land Laws.
Taylor's Life of a Nag Horse, 1s.
Riding, Hunting, and Training, 1 vol. (Routledge.)
Fur and Feather Series, large paper.
Badminton Library set, large paper.

HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.
The Lacemakers, by S. Meredith.

JAGGARD & TAYLOR, 81, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.
Norman Gale: Prince Redcheek.
" " Gorillas.
Dibdin: Sunshine after Rain.
Belles and Pomegranates, odd parts.
Old World Idylls, L.P., 1882.
Any Philatelic or Stamp literature.
Omar Khayyam, Nutt.
Vicar of Morwenstow, K. Paul.
Poems of G. Meredith, Parker.
Any old Mulready envelopes.
Sympneumata, 1885.
Swedenborg, Principia, 1845, 2 vols.
Charnock: Biographia Navalis, 6 vols.
Lover's Tale, 1833 edition only.
My Ladies' Sonnets, any edition.
The Victim, 1867.
Ruskin: Verona, large paper.
Enid and Nirume.
Neale: Liturgiology, 1863, 8vo.
Catalogue of Caldecott Collection, 1888.
Memoirs of De la Motte, 1800.
Ure: Dictionary, latest edition.
M.C.C. Cricket Scores, vols. 1 to 4.
J. S. Mill's Dissertations, vol. 4.

JOS. KILBURN, 50, NORTH BONDGATE, BISHOP AUCKLAND.
Britten's Watch and Clock-makers' Handbook.

F. KIRK, 16, HIGH STREET, LEICESTER.
The Queen of the Hid Isle. By Evelyn Douglas. Trubner, 1884.
Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic. By Evelyn Douglas. Trubner, 1884.
The Holy of Holies. By Evelyn Douglas. Clarke, Chelmsford, 1887.

LUPTON BROS., BURNLEY.
Collin's Banking, pub. 7s. 6d., Cornish, Manchester.
Carroll's Alice's Adventures, 1st ed., uncut for binding.
"Harleian Miscellany," vol. 10, 4to, 1812, uncut.
Municipal and Sanitary Work of Borough of Blackburn, by McCallum.
Manchester Sewage Scheme, Local Government Enquiry, Sept., 1888.
Moidart, or among the Clan Ranalds.

MATTHEWS & BROOKE, BRADFORD.
Blackburn's Life of Caldecott, 1st edition.
Stephen's Playground of Europe.
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MAWSON, SWAN, & MORGAN, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Riverside Press ed., 4to.
Gardiner's History of England, 1603-1616, 2 vols., 1863.
Encyclopædia Britannica, ½ Russia, 9th ed.
Cobbett's Cottage Economy.
" English Grammar.
" French "
" " Exercises.

B. & J. F. MEEHAN, 32, GAY STREET, BATH.
Child Harold's Pilgrimage, Cantos 1 and 2, 4to, 1812.
Child's History of England, 3 vols., 1852-4.
Christian (The) Year, 2 vols., 12mo, 1827.
Classics, Greek or Latin, prior to 1500.
Collinson's History of Somerset, 3 vols., 4to, 1791.
Combe's Life of Napoleon, col. plates, 1815.
Comforts (The) of Bath, 12 prints.
Comic History of England and Rome, 1st eds., nos. or clo.
Comic Tales and Sketches, 2 vols., 1841.
Cricket Literature, any.
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Many Thoughts of Many Minds, 2 vols.

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2 Presbyterian Weekly, January 5th, 1894.
1 " " May 31st, 1894.
2 Dean's Mag., July, 1894.
1 Williams (of Folkestone): Secret Passion, 3 vols., uncut.
Report any of J. A. Haldane's works.

JAS. PARKER & CO., 27, BROAD STREET, OXFORD.
Whyte Melville: Holmby House, 1st ed.
Bleeck: Persian Grammar (Quaritch), 1857.
Bede: tr. Gidley.
Newman: Historical Sketches, vol. 2.
Paroisseau: Principles of Jesuits, 1860.

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Photogram, April, 1894.
Spectator, vol. 1, 8vo, 1797.
Nicholas Nickleby, vol. 1, 1858.
The Croppy, vol. 2, 1828.
One each Dickens' Works, Household Edition, parts 1, 2, 3, 10, 11, 23, 25, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, and 40.
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Anything relating to Hull.

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Natural History, vol. 1, in Knight's English Cyclopædia, 1853.
Burns' Works in 8 vols., 12mo, cloth, want vols. 2 and 4, pubs., Cochrane and Co., London, 1834.
Once a Week, vol. 4, January-June, 1861.

JAMES YATES, PUBLIC LIBRARIAN, LEEDS.
Zoological Record, 1866-69, 1886-7, 1889-90.
Sanitary Record, August-September, 1891.
Chemical Trades, June, vol. 2.
Ibis, vols. 1, 2, 3 (5th series).
Invention, July 24th, August 19th, 1893.
Health, vol. 3, and 1891.
Tailor and Cutter, 1892.
Royal Institution of Cornwall, Journal of, vol. 1 and part 20.
Photographic Quarterly, vol. 1.
Tonic Sol-fa Reporter, vols. 29-36.
Royal Colonial Institute, Proc., vol. 1-7.

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